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THE TURNED LESSON.

"I THOUGHT I knew it!" she said;
 "I thought I had learnt it quite!"
 But the gentle teacher shook her head,
 With a grave, yet loving light
 In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
 As she gave the book
 With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
 And a heavy tear fell down
 As she turned away with bending head;
 Yet not for reproof or frown,
 And not for the lesson to learn again,
 Or the play-hour lost;
 It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
 But her teacher understood,
 As God understands the chirp of the birds
 In the depth of an autumn wood;
 And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
 Was quite enough;
 No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
 "Now I will try you again,"
 And the lesson was mastered, every word;
 Was it not worth the pain?
 Was it not kinder the task to turn
 Than to let it pass
 As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
 That we only learn in part,
 And the Master's testing-time may show
 That it was not quite "by heart?"
 Then he gives, in his wise and patient grace
 The lesson again,
 With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only stay by his side
 Till the page is really known;
 It may be we failed because we tried
 To learn it all alone.
 And now that he would not let us lose
 One lesson of love
 (For he knows the loss), can we refuse?

But oh! how could we dream
 That we knew it all so well,
 Reading so fluently, as we deem,
 What we could not even spell?
 And oh! how could we grieve once more
 That patient One
 Who has turned so many a task before!

That waiting One, who now
 Is letting us try again;
 Watching us with the patient brow
 That bore the wreath of pain;
 Thoroughly teaching what he would teach
 Line upon line,
 Thoroughly doing his work in each.

Then let our hearts be still,
 Though our task be turned to-day.
 Oh! let him teach us what he will,
 In his own most gracious way,
 Till, sitting only at Jesu's feet,
 As we learn each line,
 The hardest is found all clear and sweet.
 FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL
 Good Words.

ON A PICTURE BY GIORGIONE.

IN THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL
 ACADEMY, NO. 114.

BLUE sky, white cloud, sweet depth of southern
 air,
 What shaded, pansy-sprinkled grove is this?
 What lovers trembling on the verge of bliss,
 She passion-warm,—he pale and drooping
 with despair?

Her throbbing brows, with yellow hair up-
 bound,
 She leans upon her sister's cooler breast;
 There soothes her soft cheek, flush'd with
 sweet unrest,
 And from her parted lips breaths fragrance all
 around.

With him 'tis ebb-tide of the golden flood;
 His hand rests idly on the cittern-wires,
 And as the beating of his heart inspires,
 He strikes sad chords, and sings in melancholy
 mood,

Bowing his face,—“Dear love, this heart
 forlorn,
 A crazed tenement on a river's brink,
 Haunted by shapes of care, save, ere it sink,
 And be in death's chill waters whelm'd and
 overborne.”

Fair lady seated with the enthralled twain,
 Thy beaming eyes with no wild passion
 glow.
 No touch of the sweet sorrow clouds thy
 brow;
 Smiling, thou feel'st her joy, and smiling see'st
 his pain.

Then rise, nor longer the fond lovers sever;
 Bid her to fill his heart, give passion sway,
 And flush his cheek with kisses. Ah, no,
 stay,
 Nor break the spell that holds the poet's dream
 forever!

Spectator.

HERBERT NEW.

From The Quarterly Review.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.*

"JACK," said a seaman to his comrade, when they first fell in with ice in one of M'Clintock's Arctic voyages, "you look as pale as if you had seen a ghost." "I haven't seen him yet," answered Jack in hollow tones, "but the captain has. From what I heard him say to the first lieutenant, there's a old beggar called Zero a-prowling about the ship. 'Down to zero' was the captain's very words, and in my opinion, shipmate, that is where this ship is going."

The expedition which has just returned to England with Nares and Stephenson probably know more about "old Zero" than any other living men, for they have seen the thermometer register a lower temperature for a longer time together than has ever before been experienced. They started on the 29th of May, 1875, with orders to reach the pole, if possible, and perform certain other duties which were duly set forth for their guidance. They returned in October 1876, and though they did not reach the pole, they achieved many of the scientific results that those most able to judge think possible or neces-

sary, and, what is far better, have exhibited to the world a model of quiet heroism under privations the extreme nature of which are by no means as yet generally known. A great number of expeditions have been at various times sent out for the purpose of Arctic exploration; but this is the first, the avowed object of which was to get to the pole; none has ever been so well equipped, and, it must in truth be added, none has ever broken down in health so completely in so short a time.

The explanation of this apparent paradox is to be found in the frightful nature of the toil which they underwent. It may safely be asserted that in no former journeys has the attempt been made to travel for any distance over ice so formidable as that of the polar ocean, on whose desolate shores the "Alert" passed the winter of 1875. Every newspaper has given its account in more or less detail of the route taken by the expedition, and an amusing paper in *Fraser's Magazine* for December last, written by the chaplain of the "Discovery," has acquainted us with what may be called the gossip of the voyage. We do not think it necessary to recapitulate their adventures. These are to be found in the reports of Sir George Nares to the Admiralty, and of Captain Stephenson to his chief; and also in the journals of the sledging parties under Captain Markham, Commander Beaumont, Commander Aldrich and Lieutenant Rawson. Some of these are already published, and the rest, if not formally given to the world, are already well known, and are easily procurable.

The instructions under which the expedition sailed are given at length in the "Papers and Correspondence relating to the Equipment and Fitting-out of the Arctic Expedition of 1875," presented to both Houses of Parliament.

It will be only possible for us within the limits of space at our disposal to give a short account of some of the more prominent geographical and scientific questions upon which the expedition was instructed to report.

We have often heard the question asked, what was the use of despatching such an expedition, and we have even heard it dis-

* 1. *Papers and Correspondence relating to the Equipment and Fitting-out of the Arctic Expedition of 1875; including the Report of the Admiralty Arctic Committee.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, 1875.

2. *Further Papers*, 1876.

3. *Arctic Expedition of 1875-6. Reports of Sir George Nares, K.C.B., Captain Stephenson, C.B., and the Sledging Journals of Captain Markham, Commander Beaumont, and Commander Aldrich.*

4. *Report of Captain Allen Young, R.Y.S., Arctic Yacht, "Pandora."*

5. *Arctic Manual and Instructions; suggested by the Arctic Committee of the Royal Society.* London, 1875.

6. *Arctic Geography and Ethnology.* By the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society. London, 1875.

7. *Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Nordpol-Expedition in den Jahren 1872-1874.* Von Julius Payer. Wien, 1876. (The same, translated into English. London, 1876.)

8. *Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By Clements Markham, C.B. London, 1876. Fourth edition.

9. *Report to the President of the United States in the matter of the Disaster to the United States Exploring Expedition towards the North Pole; accompanied by a Report of the Examination of the Rescued Party.* Submitted by the Secretary of the Navy. Washington, 1873.

puted whether any object likely to be attained by it was worth the expenditure of money, labor, hardship, and perhaps life involved in the undertaking. The following pages contain such an answer as we are able to give to such inquiries. It must be understood at the outset that the reports before us deal only, or at least mainly, with the outside of things. Facts have been amassed by careful observers, but they have not yet been classified and arranged. All we can do is to deal with such details as are before us up to the present time. The deeds actually accomplished remind us somewhat of the American gentleman who could "dive deeper and come up drier" than any other man. The expedition has contrived just to surpass all previous explorers at all points. The "Alert" has been further north than any other vessel in the world. Captain Markham and Mr. Parr have been nearer the pole than any other men. The crews have passed through the longest period of darkness without seeing the sun that has ever been faced by human beings, and they have endured the most intense cold that has ever been registered. All this is very satisfactory, though some disappointment has been expressed that they did not actually attain the pole. Nevertheless, on all hands, full justice has been done to the gallantry of officers and men, and every one gives a willing tribute of admiration to the personal bravery and self-devotion with which hardships and privations have been borne. It need hardly be said to those who are acquainted with the real objects to be attained that failure to reach the actual pole is not of itself a matter of regret. No doubt the national vanity would have been flattered if the English flag had actually waved from a staff planted over the axis of rotation of the earth; but it would have been but an empty boast, and one for which the English people would not wish any officer to sacrifice the lives of his people or the safety of his ship.

It is only by very slow degrees and by continual steady perseverance that any reliable lines can be traced on the great blank tract which in polar charts betrays the extent of our ignorance; and it would

be as easy to fall into the mistake of undervaluing the achievements of our explorers as to err in the opposite extreme. It is true that the sledging parties of Nares and Stephenson have only laid down a few miles of coast, have corrected, within a limited area, some geographical errors committed by their predecessors, have exploded at least one theory to which some geographers fondly clung, have confirmed the results previously arrived at by other observers of polar magnetic phenomena, and have made some interesting collections of Arctic fauna and flora. This is all. But it is as much as they could reasonably be expected to do. The extent of exploration which can be accomplished by a single expedition can be but small when a mile a day is the utmost that the strenuous exertions of a party of picked men can achieve; and even that insignificant result is gained by toil so incredibly severe as to prostrate, in the space of a few days' journey, one party after another of the finest men in our navy with fatigue and disease.

It is, indeed, a matter for inquiry whether, as the pole is approached, some climatic influences do not exist detrimental to health and life which are not in operation in lower latitudes. In M'Clure's expedition, more than three years occurred before the first death from scurvy took place. In Kane's expedition, two men only died in two years. The "Enterprise" was four winters out; the "Investigator," five; the "Assistance," "Resolute," and "North Star," three each. In Sir John Ross's expedition, the "Victory" was out three years, during which she was two years beset by ice in the Gulf of Boothia, and in all that time only made seven miles in advance. But in each of these instances it was not till the third year that despondency and its concomitant, scurvy, attacked them. Most of these were government expeditions; and in all, the general health of the crews was excellent. Indeed, Dr. Donnet, deputy inspector-general of hospitals, who was surgeon on board the "Assistance" in the Arctic expedition of 1850-51, declares that, of all the seas that are visited by ships of the British navy, the Arctic is the most healthy. In the

face of these facts, thus vouched by the most reliable authority, we have the startling result that one season was sufficient to break down the picked crews of the "Alert" and the "Discovery."

Like noble fellows as they are, they would not have hesitated to remain if any good purpose could be served by doing so; but under the circumstances it was a matter of the commonest prudence to bring them home. It is due to Sir George Nares to say that he had no option in the matter. "You should use your best endeavors to rejoin your consort in the navigable season of 1876, and, in company with her, return to England, provided the spring exploration has been reasonably successful." Such were the positive instructions given to him by the Admiralty on his departure; but that is not the present point. The question is whether the picked crews of the Arctic ships were physically fit to remain out a second year; and, in point of fact, they were not. It is true that they had a winter of unprecedented length; but neither that, nor the absence of certain precautions, of which we have heard a great deal in the newspapers, are enough to account for the break-down of so fine a body of men in so short a time, unless we suppose the climate to have been in some manner, not as yet explained, injurious to health.

But to our point. Why should any Arctic expedition be undertaken at all? It is not sufficient to say that England has always taken the lead in maritime adventure, and been the pioneer in many wild lands and dangerous seas. If that were all, we might leave polar expeditions to private enterprise, which has always been sufficient to spur our countrymen on. Love of excitement has been quite inducement enough when danger was to be faced or honor to be won; but in this instance ships have been fitted out at the expense of the State, officered by the pick of our commanders, and the step met with the cordial approbation of the English people. It must be confessed, that fear of seeing our laurels wrested from us by the generous enthusiasm of our neighbors had at least something to do with the decision arrived at by the English government.

The Austrians had sent out a most adventurous expedition, which reached a very high latitude north-west of Novaya Zemlya; but they were unable to follow up their good fortune. Germany had done good work in east Greenland. Sweden had sent an expedition to the north of Spitzbergen, which nearly attained to the same latitude reached by Parry six-and-thirty years before. The Americans, also, despatched a number of expeditions between the years 1859 and 1873; the last, under the brave but ill-fated Hall, attained, through Smith Sound, to the highest latitude ever reached by a ship till then, and even laid claim to establish positions in the direction of the pole far above the eighty-third parallel of latitude.

The partial success of these turned the scale in favor of the equipment of an English expedition. The government were already more than half inclined to the scheme, which had the support of the most distinguished Arctic explorers and men of science in England. The news of Hall's discoveries, with very inadequate means, finally determined them to proceed. Popular sentiment is a factor not to be despised in such matters, and the light in which the expedition was regarded by the navy was shown by the fact that half the navy list applied to be employed, and men volunteered in such crowds for the ships that the officers fortunate enough to be ultimately selected for the command were able to select the very flower of our sailors. But although the "Alert" and "Discovery" left our shores in the midst of a chorus of popular enthusiasm, the time of national excitement had been preceded by ten years of hesitation. The tragic fate of Franklin and his brave companions, and the hardships endured by successive parties sent to relieve him or find traces of his fate, for many years stayed the hand of those with whom rested the responsibility of ordering new expeditions. It was natural that, while that supreme tragedy was still fresh in the minds of men, they should remember rather the responsibility incurred than the glory to be won, and though many experienced officers who had taken part in the various relief expeditions were ready to venture

again to the scenes of their former perils, the signal was still withheld.

It is a notable fact in the history of Arctic exploration that those who have once engaged in it seem to find a strange fascination in the pursuit. No one who has once ventured into the mysterious region can resist the longing that impels him to go there again; in vain the ice king parades his terrors, in vain the dreary monotony of a five months' night casts its warning shadows over the path. An "old Arctic" is always ready to sally forth afresh in pursuit of the phantom pole which has always eluded his pursuit. As regards the present expedition, it may be truly said that the time was ripe for a further attempt on the part of England. Public opinion, both popular and scientific, was in favor of it; and it was generally felt that, unless our country was content to abandon the leading place she has always held in maritime discovery, it was time for her to bestir herself.

The conditions of Arctic exploration are vastly different now from what they were when Franklin and his gallant companions set forth. Steam has made it easy to advance under circumstances which would have stopped the ships of earlier mariners. Accumulated experience has mapped out practicable highways through wilds where in Franklin's time each step in advance was the result rather of fortunate experiment than of certain knowledge. Sledge travelling has been brought almost to a science, and the equipment of an Arctic ship is as well understood as that of an ordinary surveying vessel. It was said by those who were most active in promoting the expedition that the two great risks of former voyages, starvation and scurvy, might be absolutely eliminated from the list of probable casualties. Unfortunately in the case of the latter malady the assertion has not been fulfilled, but it is undoubtedly true that, when once a proper system of relief and communication between the ships was arranged, the contingency of death by hunger did not assume any formidable proportions.

The problems presented by science for solution, which an Arctic expedition might be reasonably expected to solve, are not very numerous or very important. They might set a few doubts at rest, and put a few theories to the test of actual experiment; but they were not likely to break ground in any field of knowledge hitherto unworked; and though our explorers have done good honest work in several ways, none, probably, would be more ready than

themselves to acknowledge that the part of their duty which has been performed with the greatest satisfaction, has been that of planting the English flag several miles nearer the pole than the foot of man has ever trod before. We may assign high-sounding reasons, and keep up our dignity about the matter, but the adventurers may be well assured that their pluck and daring, far more than their scientific achievements, have gained for them the applause of their countrymen. The most valuable lesson they have taught us relates to the *morale* of our sailors; and without undervaluing, as the following pages will prove, their scientific achievements, we confess that the part of their stirring record on which we dwell with most satisfaction is that which describes the cheery good-humor kept up through the long night, when, for five long months, as in Byron's dream,

Morn came, and went, and came, and brought
no day.

We read with such unmixed satisfaction of the truly heroic endurance exhibited by the sledge parties under Markham and Beaumont that we hardly care to inquire whether any minor objects of scientific interest have been left unattained. That which was really of most value was the strict discipline kept up under conditions which seem almost fitted to disintegrate society, and reduce those who are exposed to them to a mass of selfish human beings struggling each for himself. Experience shows that English sailors can endure such tests, but it is none the less important that we should be occasionally reminded that the old stuff is still available. We are too apt to look upon that instinct of discipline which characterizes the English race as a mere matter of course; that it is not so may be seen by the records of the "Polaris" expedition after the death of Hall. Let those who doubt either the reality of the danger to be feared or the just cause we have for national pride and thankfulness at the completeness with which it has been avoided, read the significant words of Mr. Robeson, secretary of the American navy, in his letter to the president of the United States. "Experience has confirmed me," he writes, "in the conviction that there is little of either success or safety in any trying, distant, and dangerous expedition, which is not organized, prosecuted, and controlled under the sanctions of military discipline." Mr. Robeson had before him as he wrote the recent fate of an expedition in which,

after the leader's death, the subordination of the survivors broke down, and showed utter weakness in the essentials of discipline and cohesion. Under infinitely greater hardships, our own men came out nobly.

When once the despatch of an expedition was resolved upon, the next consideration was to decide on the route which it was to pursue. On that point a great variety of information had gradually been amassed. A special committee appointed by the Royal Geographical Society were unanimous in favor of the route by Smith Sound. No less than five admirals, all of them distinguished in Arctic navigation, were members of this committee. Sir George Back, Collinson, Ommanney, Richards, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, and Sherard Osborn, sat upon it, as well as some distinguished non-professional persons. It is not a little curious that a society entirely unconnected with government should be able to obtain the service of a body of men whose names add such weight to their expression of opinion on an extremely technical subject. They were, indeed, of high authority. Sir George Back was the Nestor of English explorers; he served in the first Arctic expedition of this century; he had himself explored a larger portion of the Arctic region than any other living man; and one of the finest exploits of recent times was his winter passed in the pack, and subsequent safely-accomplished return across the Atlantic with the sinking "Terror." Collinson and M'Clure both commanded exploring ships, and one made the north-west passage. Ommanney, Osborn, and Richards, had all served in or commanded expeditions. M'Clintock, of all searchers, alone brought home authentic relics and records of Franklin.

The committee recommended the route by Smith Sound for three principal reasons: that of all the ways in which the pole has been attacked it alone gives a certainty of exploring a previously unknown area of considerable extent; that it yields the best prospect of valuable discoveries in various branches of science, and that, from the continuity of the land from the eighty-second parallel to the open sea, it promises reasonable security for the retreat of the crews, in case of disaster to the ships. These opinions were much fortified by the report of the crew of the "Polaris," who were the only persons acquainted with the upper waters of the sound. Admiral Ingfield did not pass the entrance; Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes

wintered only a few miles inside of it; but the "Polaris," a mere river steamer, not by any means too well fitted for the work of Arctic exploration, was able, in one working season, to pass up the strait for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles without any hindrance whatever to the highest latitude ever attained by a vessel. The committee laid great stress on the fact reported by the "Polaris," that there was navigable water still to the north of the highest point she reached. It now appears that this was a mistake, and that the sea to the shores of which this little vessel with its crew of twenty-five men was carried, is impassable. It will never be sailed by mortal keel till the distant day when Time shall turn his hourglass once more and sweep away the paleocrystic ice into the limbo which already holds the relics of bygone glacial ages. The brave leader of that expedition lay down to die on the shores of the icy ocean. A monument, erected by British sailors, marks his grave. The survivors, deprived of his firm hand, and abandoned to distracted councils, found their way home through frightful difficulties; yet in doing so they unconsciously added another to the many reasons which already pointed out the road they pioneered as the best to follow. On their return voyage a large portion of the crew became detached from the ship and floated away helplessly on a great field of drift ice. For one hundred and eighty-seven days—from the 15th of October to the 21st of April—they remained on their dreary prison, and during that time were drifted by the current right down Davis Strait from the entrance of Whale Sound to the coast of Labrador. This added another proof to those which already existed of a southern current always setting from the pole. In the same manner the ship "Resolute" was driven from the north; so was the "Fox" in the first year of M'Clintock's search for Franklin; so too was the ship "Advance;" while on the opposite side of Greenland the German expedition of 1870, after the wreck of the "Hansa," drifted down from latitude of 72° to Cape Farewell. To these we may add the experience of Parry in his sledge journey from Spitzbergen northward across the polar pack. The experience thus gained by so many concurrent observations went far to prove that those who advanced towards the pole by way of Smith Sound need not be under the apprehension of being permanently beset, as had too often been the case with expeditions in other parts of the polar regions.

Another reason which weighed in favor of the route by Smith Sound was the large quantity of animal life which was observed in the high latitudes where the "Polaris" passed the winter. In the official report to the president of the United States, it is said that musk-oxen were shot at intervals all the winter, during which season they were able to obtain food by scraping off the snow with their hoofs from the scanty Arctic mosses that grew upon the rocks. Wolves, bears, foxes, lemmings, and other mammals were repeatedly observed. Geese, ducks, waterfowl, plovers, and wading birds were comparatively few; there were, however, as might be expected, large numbers of ptarmigan or snow-partridge.

There are three other routes by which attempts have been made to reach the pole, but they were only discussed in order to be immediately abandoned; one was by Behring Strait; this was the one pursued by Collinson in the "Enterprise," and McClure in the "Investigator;" but they were able only to go directly northwards a very short distance. In 70° north latitude Collinson found himself compelled to turn to the east along the edge of that impassable barrier which stopped Nares' path last year, and to which that officer has given the name of paleocrystic ice. Sir Robert McClure made no attempt to go directly to the north; after leaving Cape Lisburne, he kept straight away to the east. He is the only man who, having entered the icy ocean by Behring Strait, has brought out his crew by Baffin's Bay; but it was barren honor, for though he and his men passed safely through, after three years' detention in the impenetrable Gulf of Boothia, he was obliged to abandon his ship and make his way on sledges to the relief expedition which met him from the west.

The Behring Strait route was not, therefore, available. If the attempt was not to be made by Smith Sound, it must be made either by the east coast of Greenland or by the Spitzbergen seas; and it so happened that the Germans and Austro-Hungarians had, by expeditions undertaken in 1869-70 and 1872-74 respectively, set that question at rest. The North German expedition, promoted mainly by the exertions of Dr. Augustus Petermann, undertook the exploration of the central Arctic region with the east coast of Greenland as their basis of operations. Two ships, the "Germania" and the "Hansa," were despatched under Captain Koldevey and a scientific staff;

but their utmost exertions were insufficient to enable them to cope with the formidable ice of the Greenland coast. The "Hansa" got separated from her consort, and on the 22nd of October was wrecked. The homeless crew built up a house on the ice-floe with patent fuel from their ship. They drifted from the Greenland coast halfway to Iceland; on the 3rd of January they were again close to Greenland, but without the possibility of reaching it. Spring advanced, and early summer found them still on the floe; by May they had drifted eleven hundred miles. It was not till the middle of June that they finally took to their boats and arrived in safety at the Moravian mission station near Cape Farewell. One of the scientific staff went mad (he afterwards recovered), but none died in spite of all their hardships. The "Hansa's" consort, the "Germania," was more successful. After wintering on Pendulum Island, a sledge party started to the north; they reached a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the ship, to which want of provisions then obliged them to return. The headland which forms the northern boundary of their discoveries, Cape Bismarck, is only in latitude 77°. In September they returned to Bremen. The experience, then, of the German expedition did not encourage the despatch of the expedition by way of east Greenland. Nor was the report of the Austro-Hungarian expedition, as to the route they followed, more inviting.

In a preliminary voyage commanded by Captain Weyprecht and Lieutenant Julius Payer, the latter of whom had served with Koldevey on the east coast of Greenland, an attempt was made to follow the Gulf Stream into the supposed polar basin by keeping to the eastward of Spitzbergen. After beating about in the latitude of 78° N., in very thick fogs and stiff contrary gales, they were driven back. They saw, however, several signs of being in the proximity of the land which they discovered in their subsequent voyage. In the following year, the steamer "Tegethoff" was fitted out in the Elbe for more extended operations. Leaving Tromsø Harbor on July 14, 1872, they reached the coast of Novaya Zemlya on the 29th. After battling bravely for nearly a month, the ship was beset in floating ice on the 23rd of August, near the northern coast of Novaya Zemla. She was never afterwards extricated; and for two years the intrepid navigators remained imbedded in the ice-floe, and were drifted on it to the shores of a hitherto

undiscovered land, thereby making a great geographical discovery under circumstances absolutely unprecedented. The result of their voyage is given by Lieutenant Payer in a magnificent work, which we greatly regret not being able to notice in greater detail.* No more stirring chronicle of adventure was ever penned than that of the gallant Hungarian and his companions. They gave to the land they discovered the name of Franz Joseph Land; but the sledge journeys which they organized from the basis of the ice-imbudded "Tegethoff," while they added largely to geographical and scientific knowledge, proved also beyond a doubt that Franz Joseph Land offered no practicable route to the north. We have no space to follow their adventures; the only circumstance with which we are concerned being the fact, that the route selected by them was not available for polar discoveries. It is impossible, however, to avoid recording our tribute of admiration to the heroic endurance with which, after abandoning their ship, they struggled for months across a treacherous floating desert of ice, in their return home. Dragging their boats with them to the edge of the pack, they finally embarked in them for the island of Novaya Zemlya, where they were picked up by a Russian schooner and landed in Norway. The passage in which Payer describes the sad necessity that compelled them to kill the dogs, their faithful companions and willing slaves throughout the adventurous journey, when they were unable to take them into the over-crowded boats, is one of the most touching that can be conceived. An English translation of Lieutenant Payer's delightful work has been recently published, and a *résumé* of their adventures, given by Payer himself to the Royal Geographical Society, is to be found in Mr. Clements Markham's "Threshold of the Unknown Region."

The reader will have no difficulty in seeing that, supposing the primary object of the expedition to be the attainment of the highest possible latitude, and assuming the information of the "Polaris" respecting land that stretched up from Cape Union, in the direction of the pole, to be correct, there could be no hesitation as to the route which it was necessary for the expedition to pursue. But it is worthy of remark that the attainment of the pole was now for the first time put forward as the first

object of an expedition. The instructions to Sir John Franklin assigned as the main object the exploration of the Arctic regions and the advantages which would accrue to navigation from the discovery of a north-west passage. The sailing orders for the "Alert" and "Discovery" point to a different goal. "Her Majesty's government have determined that an expedition of Arctic exploration and discovery should be undertaken, . . . the scope and primary object of which should be, to attain the highest northern latitude, and, if possible, to reach the north pole; and from winter quarters to explore the adjacent coasts within reach of travelling parties," etc. Our sketch would be by no means complete without a word as to the reason of this change of front.

The fact is now acknowledged that the north-west passage as a question of practical utility must definitively be abandoned. It may be possible for a single ship, under exceptional circumstances and in some peculiarly favorable season, to pass through. The journey has been made by the crew of Sir Robert M'Clure's ship, but the "Investigator" herself left her bones on the further side of the impassable barrier. No ship has hitherto sailed from ocean to ocean. Some enthusiastic navigators still think that the north-west passage can be made. Captain Allen Young, who certainly has a claim founded upon past exploits to speak with great authority on the subject, holds to the opinion that the achievement is not beyond the limits of possibility. This mysterious region has enthralled him, more, perhaps, than any other man, with its inexplicable enchantment; and it is believed by his friends that he intends again to fit out his Arctic yacht to solve the problem. It is perhaps no wonder that he should entertain this belief; he stood with M'Clintock looking eastward from a cliff at the end of Bellot Strait, when only a few miles of ice separated them from open water, which his own extraordinary sledge journey afterwards proved to be connected by navigable water with the Pacific. Sir Leopold himself shared the opinion of his friend. He thought, from what he had seen of the ice in Franklin Strait, that, provided the ice block at the mouth of Bellot Strait was overcome, the chances were greatly in favor of his reaching Cape Herschel on the south side of King William Land. "From Bellot Strait to Cape Victoria we found a mixture of old and new ice showing the exact proportion of pack and of clear water at the setting in

* Die Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Nordpol-Expedition in den Jahren 1872-1874. Von Julius Payer. Wien, 1876.

of winter. South of Cape Victoria I doubt whether any future obstruction would have been experienced, as but little, if any, ice remained. The natives told us the ice went away and left a clear sea every year.*

It is hard to believe that a feat so nearly accomplished cannot be completely achieved. But as far as the despatch of government exploring expeditions is concerned, the loss of Sir John Franklin put a final end to further attempts in that direction. Every one, at least every one who belongs to the generation now in middle age, remembers that Sir John Franklin was last seen by some whalers near the entrance of Lancaster Sound, but was never heard of alive again. It was not till after the lapse of years, and the despatch of many search expeditions, that news was received of his fate. Dr. Rae, an official of the Hudson's Bay Company, was the first to give any definite information. He stated that, while engaged on a survey of the Gulf of Boothia, he had fallen in with Esquimaux who told him that a party subsequently identified with the survivors of the Franklin expedition had died of hunger near the mouth of the Great Fish River. Sir Leopold M'Clin- tock in the "Fox," afterwards cleared up the details. We now know that Sir John himself died in the second year of his absence, after being driven down, enclosed in the ice, from Barrow Strait to a point near the magnetic pole. M'Clure and Collinson sought him from the west, many sought him from the waters of Baffin's Bay, but although the tracks of the explorers from the east and west overlapped each other repeatedly in point of longitude, no one has ever yet been able to join together the two ends of the thread. The ice, piled up in land-locked channels, effectually prevents the passage of a ship.

Less enthusiastic explorers than Captain Allen Young have long looked upon the great tract which goes by the name of the Arctic Archipelago (in our sketch map it is called by its other name, the Parry Islands) as a vast trap into which no ship can venture far with a reasonable chance of escape. There the "Hecla" and "Fury" were lost; there the "Erebus" and "Terror" were abandoned; there lies the wreck of the "Investigator;" there, too, at one swoop, the ice closed in forever round the five ships of Sir Richard Belcher's squadron, the "Assistance," the "Resolute," the "Intrepid," the "Pio-

neer," and the "North Star." The reason of the formation of this icy *cul-de-sac* is the meeting of the eastern tide through the Spitzbergen seas with the tide from the west through Behring Strait; a dead water, or rather ice block, is thus formed, which never opens.

But the self-same drift, which, travelling southward and westward from the Polar Sea, blocks up the north-west passage, gives to ships going up Smith Sound, and consequently keeping to the east of the block, a sure prospect of return; for even if they were so unfortunate as to be beset, they would assuredly be drifted down enclosed in the floe by the south-going current to the open sea.

For all these reasons, the route by Smith Sound was ultimately selected. The scientific committee of the Geographical Society, aided by a similar committee appointed by the Royal Society, drew up a series of detailed remarks, which were afterwards embodied in official instructions to Sir George Nares, and gave the final shape to his plans and proceedings. Our readers are probably well acquainted with their scheme, so far at least as it has been carried out by the actual proceedings of the expedition. It is sufficient to say, in general terms, that the committee recommended the equipment of two moderate-sized screw steamers, one to be stationed at a point within the entrance to Smith Sound, the other to advance as far as possible to the northward, preserving communication with the depot vessel. They proposed that sledge parties should start in the early spring, and explore the unknown region in various directions, while the scientific staff on board the respective ships would be able to prosecute researches both on shore and on the ice. They thought that in the improbable event of accidents, the expeditions could retreat to the Danish settlements in Greenland. The memorandum in which the Arctic committee embodied their views of the advantages which would accrue to various branches of science by the renewal of Arctic exploration is, as might be expected from the eminence of the persons who composed it, of very great value. Not only did they collect within the space of a short memorandum a compendium of all the results they anticipated, but both the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society undertook a larger work. They appointed editorial committees to gather together all the scattered memoranda which could be gleaned from periodicals, or from books, respecting Arctic explora-

* M'Clin- tock's "Fate of Franklin."

tion. The Royal Society, in its publication, dealt with physical matters — astronomy, terrestrial magnetism, meteorology, zoology, and botany; while the Geographical Society's publication was devoted principally to geography, hydrography, and ethnology. In fact, a whole Arctic library, more comprehensive than has ever before been compressed into so small a compass, is to be found in these two valuable, though they can scarcely be called readable, volumes. The Admiralty selected two vessels, H.M.S. "Alert" and the whaling-vessel "Bloodhound," which was forthwith bought into the navy and renamed the "Discovery." The hydrographer of the Admiralty was directed to furnish an estimate of the probable expenses. The purchase of two suitable vessels, their fitting and equipment, their stores, scientific gear, victualling, and coal, he set down for the first year at \$56,000. The total cost for two years and a half, including wages and salaries, he put down at 100,000; adding that, should the expedition return in less than two years and a half, the expense would be proportionately diminished. The stores sent by the United States government for the relief of the "Polaris" were placed at the disposal of the English; the only condition being that, in the event of the stores being used, a proper inventory and appraisalment should be made by order of the commander; and that, if the pendulum should be found in its *cache* at Lifeboat Cove, it should, after use by the British expedition, be returned, together with any other instruments, and such arms, implements, and books, as might be recovered, to the United States.

The expedition was ready for sea at the end of May 1875. The "Alert," "Discovery," and "Valorous," which latter vessel was to accompany them to Disco with stores, left Bantry Bay on the 2nd of June, and, after meeting heavy weather during the whole of that month, arrived at Upernivik on the 22nd of July. The governor of north Greenland supplied them with dogs, and when they started from Upernivik the two ships had sixty of these animals on board.

Upernivik may be considered the furthest limit of well-explored and accurately known waters. Thenceforth their voyage was one of discovery as well as of adventure. Although the voyage up Smith Sound presented only the ordinary difficulties and dangers of Arctic navigation, both ships encountered their full amount of exciting adventure. One such scene,

mentioned by Sir George Nares, affords an illustration of the manner in which icebergs, floating with their bases deep down in under currents, sometimes crash their way through floe ice drifting in an exactly opposite direction under the influence of wind or surface current. On the night of the 5th of August both the ships were beset in the pack opposite Cape Albert, at the mouth of Hayes Sound. They were secured in the floe about a hundred yards apart, and found themselves drifting rapidly towards an iceberg. Both ships were at once prepared for a severe nip, with rudders and screws unshipped. "At first the 'Discovery' was apparently in the most dangerous position; but the floe in which they were sealed up, by wheeling round, while it relieved Captain Stephenson from any immediate apprehension, brought the 'Alert' directly in the path of the advancing mass, which was steadily tearing its way through the intermediate surface ice. The 'Alert' was saved in the nick of time by the splitting up of the floe."

On the morning of the 25th of August, after fighting their way through the ice for many days with constant labor, they discovered a large and well-protected harbor inside an island immediately west of Cape Bellot, on the northern shore of Lady Franklin Sound. Finding that this harbor was suitable in every way for winter quarters, and the abundance of the spare Arctic vegetation in the neighborhood giving every promise of game being procurable, Sir George Nares determined to leave the "Discovery" here for the winter, and to push forward with the "Alert" alone. On the morning of the 1st September the "Alert" passed up Robeson Strait, running before a strong gale nine knots and a half an hour. At noon, having carried her Majesty's ship into latitude 82° 24m. N., a higher latitude than any vessel had ever before attained, the ensign was hoisted at the peak. Sir George Nares was now fairly embarked on the polar ocean; but he at once found himself confronted with that stupendous ice which had stopped Collinson, McClure, Parry, Franklin, and, in fact, every voyager that ever embarked upon its waters. In another hour he was standing to the westward, between the pack and the land, and before nightfall the "Alert" had reached the extreme point of her journey.

Henceforth, whatever had to be done was to be done by the scientific men and sledging parties of the expedition.

The space into which the "Alert" and

"Discovery" had so far forced their way is that which on an ordinary terrestrial globe is covered by the brass hour circle; on the actual earth it is absolutely unknown. Taking the pole as the centre of this inhospitable waste, there are only three points in the surrounding circle where the foot of man has approached it within eight degrees or four hundred and eighty geographical miles. These three points are in 60° longitude east from Greenwich, where the Austrians under Weyprecht and Payer made their remarkable discoveries; in longitude 20° E., where, as far back as 1827, Sir Edward Parry got up to latitude $82^{\circ} 40\text{m.}$; and in longitude 60° W., where both the Americans under Hall and our latest expedition have fought their way within the magic circle. But this is the limit; no human foot has ever yet got up to the parallel of 84° . Following the circumference of the 80th parallel westward from the scene of Nares' researches, we find that it passes far to the north of the vast cluster of islands among which Sir John Franklin's expedition was lost. But neither there, nor to the north of Russian America, nor of Behring Strait, nor of the long coastline of Siberia, do we know of any land that stretches upwards towards the pole. A glance at the map will show that within the basin of the polar sea, there is no indication of anything like a continent, or even a large island, in the whole space between the Siberian and American shores and the pole. At one time it was a favorite idea with geographical theorists that the space around the pole was an open sea. Dr. Augustus Petermann, the German geographer, was indefatigable in his attempts to uphold this belief. It was only finally set at rest by Captain Markham's adventurous sledge journey in the spring of the present year. The polar sea, as far as we know it, is studded with islands; and, reasoning from analogy, there are grounds for the conclusion that the remaining, or unknown portion, is similar in character to that which has been already surveyed. One of the points which it was hoped the English expedition would decide was whether there was a water communication, on the north coast of Greenland, between the Atlantic and the Polar Sea, or whether, as some supposed, Greenland is part of a polar continent. But though accumulating evidence points to the conclusion that it is an island, the matter still lies outside the limits of positive proof.

The whole of the polar basin westward and northward of the Parry Islands ap-

pears to be occupied by a huge field of ice, different in character from anything found elsewhere in the Arctic regions. Sir Robert M'Clure traced it from Behring Strait to the north-west of Banks Land, round a great curve of more than a thousand miles. Sir George Nares found it to the north of Smith Sound, and gave it the distinctive name of paleocrystic ice. Admiral Sherard Osborn describes it as "a vast, floating, glacier-like mass, surging to and fro in an enclosed area of the Arctic sea." Admiral Osborn concludes that there must be land, or at least islands, between Spitzbergen and Behring Strait, because the paleocrystic ice never, even in the most furious gales, moves far away from the American shore. If there had been space for it to move north, he says, the furious south storms which sweep over the North American continent would blow it far in that direction, and bring its masses down into the Atlantic by way of Spitzbergen: whereas, as a matter of fact, it never goes more than a few miles off the American coast, leaving a narrow belt of water, and directly the gale abates, it surges back again, with its edge grounding in twelve fathoms of water.

The same phenomenon occurred along its eastern edge, where the great ice-field impinged on the archipelago at Banks Island; and Sir George Nares made a similar observation as regards the north shore of Grinnell Land, where the "Alert" passed the winter. We quote isolated lines from a passage spread over two or three pages, remarking that the evidence thus given by Sir George is quite unconscious, as the passage under consideration relates primarily to the safety of his ship, and not to the nature of the ice. He says, "On leaving Robeson Channel, immediately the land trends to the westward, the coast-line loses its steep character, and the heavy ice is 'stranded at a distance of one hundred to two hundred yards from the shore, forming a fringe of detached masses of ice from twenty feet to upwards of sixty feet in height above water, and lying aground in from eight to twelve fathoms.'"

Sir George secured his ship inside this protecting barrier, and, two days later, during a squall from the south-west, "the pack slowly retreated towards the north-east. . . . The gale continued all night, and drove the pack two miles off shore. . . . On the morning of the 2nd September the wind suddenly shifted to north-west, bringing the pack rapidly in towards the land."

These extracts strikingly confirms Sheppard Osborn's description of the "glacier-like mass surging to and fro in an enclosed area," which we gave above.

The paleocystic ice is of most tremendous character. Sir George Nares tells us that its motion is entirely different from that produced by the meeting of ordinary floes. "In the latter case the broken edges of the two pieces of ice, each striving for the mastery, are readily upheaved, and continually fall over with a noisy crash. In the former, the enormous pressure, raising pieces frequently thirty thousand tons in weight in comparative silence, displays itself with becoming solemnity and grandeur." It may be imagined what obstacles such ice presents to the advance of loaded sledges; yet over it the advance of Captain Markham towards the pole had to be made.

The geographical question whether Greenland is or is not an island, which was presented for solution to the exploring parties of Sir George Nares, is not one of idle or even of merely scientific curiosity. It is one which practically affects the lives and well-being of all inhabitants of the temperate regions of the earth. As it can be shown that our temperate climate depends upon the nature and direction of ocean currents, any alteration in these phenomena would produce most startling effects upon our well-being. The climate of Europe itself in no small degree depends upon the atmospheric condition of the pole: the development there of extremely low temperature necessarily leads to corresponding changes of pressure and other atmospheric disturbances, the effects of which are felt far into the temperate zone. To such an extent, indeed, is the temperature of the equatorial regions lowered, and that of the temperate and polar regions raised, by means of ocean currents, that, if these were to cease, and each latitude were to depend exclusively on the heat received directly from the sun, only a small portion of the globe would be habitable for the present order of human beings.

In the northern hemisphere two immense oceans extend from the equator to the north, and between them lie two great continents, which contain by far the larger part of the inhabitants of the earth. Owing to the earth's spherical form, too much sun heat is received at the equator, and too little in high latitudes, to make the earth a suitable habitation for the human race, unless there existed some compensating influences. The ocean alone

can afford compensation; it alone can convey heat in its bosom to distant shores. To the winds belongs the task of distributing it. They charge themselves with warmth and moisture by contact with the sea, and convey them in the form of mist and rain over the surface of the land. Upon this twofold arrangement depends the thermal condition of the earth.

There is a difference of about 80° between the mean temperature of the equator and the poles. The mean temperature of the equator is about 80° , and that of the pole a little more than 2° Fahrenheit. But, were each part of the globe's surface to depend only upon the direct heat which it receives from the sun, there ought to be a difference of more than 200° . The annual quantity of heat received at the equator is to that received at the pole as twelve to five. It is the office of the ocean to reduce this great discrepancy within limits compatible with human existence. If no warm water were conveyed from the equator to the pole, the temperature of the equator would rise, and that of the pole would sink. Taking the temperature of stellar space as the standard of comparison, the equator would be 135° above and the pole 83° below zero of Fahrenheit.* The equator would therefore be 55° warmer than at present, and the pole 83° colder, a condition of affairs under which, it is obvious, no human beings could live. Assuming for a moment that the warm water which produces this equalizing effect is the Gulf Stream, it would follow that the stoppage of that stream would reduce the temperature of London to something very little higher than that which now exists at the pole, and that about 40° represents the actual rise at London due to the influence of the Gulf Stream. If this be true, it is evident that to us in England the Gulf Stream makes all the difference between a moderate and an absolutely uninhabitable abode. But is it the Gulf Stream which passes into the polar regions? Are the seas round Greenland and Spitzbergen heated by its warmth? A glance at the map will show that the polar ice-sea, enormous in extent though it be, is land-locked, and communicates with the other oceans of the globe only through three openings, two of which hardly exceed the size of large rivers, while even the third is of no

* The temperature of stellar space is 239° ; when therefore the proportion twelve to five between the equator and the pole is reached, the equator will be 374° and the pole 156° above that of stellar space; that is, the equator would be plus 135° Fahrenheit, and the pole minus 83° .

very great extent; these three openings are Behring Strait, Smith Sound, and the Greenland Sea. A strong current sets from the pole to the southward through each of these channels. It is plain that the water of these currents is not composed of melting ice, for, if it were, the pole would soon be free from obstruction. Whence then does it come? So large a quantity of cold water constantly flowing from the polar regions into the Atlantic makes it certain that an equal mass flows in from south to north; and if we look at the map, it is hard to resist the conviction that this must be the Gulf Stream. Behring Strait, the only opening from the polar region to the Pacific, is too shallow to admit of the passage of any considerable warm stream as under current. It is nowhere more than thirty fathoms in depth, and the greater part of that depth is occupied by a cold southerly current which runs through it from the pole. But the possibility of the Gulf Stream finding its way into the Polar Sea must depend on Greenland being an island. If, as Dr. Petermann, the German geographer, who bore the principal part in fitting out the last German expedition, still asserts, Greenland stretches away across the pole in the direction of Behring Strait, some other theory must be devised to account for the unknown facts, and this is why it was hoped that Sir George Nares' expedition would have set this question at rest.

As soon as the ships were fairly frozen in, they began to prepare for the long winter. A few preliminary trials were made with the sledges, and some depots of provisions were placed in readiness for the spring operations, but the travelling parties were soon recalled, and all hands set to work to organize the routine of work and amusements which were to keep up the spirits and consequently the health of the men during one hundred and forty-two days of darkness.

It was during this time that the scientific officers devoted their attention to the work of their observatories. Those of the "Alert" were a large and lofty series of snow houses, connected together by a snow gallery. Here magnetic observations were taken, the general result of which is understood to confirm those of which the scientific world are already possessed; but as they are not yet published, we can only speak of them in very general terms. The same remark applies to the meteorological, astronomical, and polar-

iscope observations, and to those made with the spectroscope and electrometer.

A similar observatory was constructed at Discovery Bay, and there the same scientific routine was pursued as in the northern ship. Captain Stephenson, moreover, had an opportunity which Nares had not, of making a series of very valuable tidal observations. On one point only was there any notable failure; and that was one to which we look with considerable regret, though it was caused by meteorological and other physical difficulties with which it was impossible to cope. It was found impossible to use the pendulum for determining the exact value of gravitation at the pole, and the consequent perfecting of our knowledge of the shape of the earth. There are two reasons why the pole should be selected as the scene of such experiments, viz., that there gravitation is at its maximum, and the counteracting centrifugal force at its minimum. Gravitation is greatest at the pole because the equatorial diameter of the earth is somewhat in excess of the polar diameter, and the compressed portion of a spheroid attracts a body on its surface more powerfully than the more convex portion, being more compact in mass, and the active forces collectively nearer the surface. Centrifugal force is insensible, because, as one may easily see by whirling a weight at the end of a string, centrifugal force is proportionate to rapidity of rotation; and as there is no rotation whatever at the poles of the earth, gravitation is there entirely unopposed by centrifugal force.

At the equator the rotation is very rapid; and gravitation, violently opposed by centrifugal force, is at its minimum. It follows that gravitation increases from the equator to the pole in a certain definite proportion; a body which weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds at the equator weighs one hundred and ninety-four pounds at the pole; this proportion finds mathematical expression in the statement, that the element of gravity, due to centrifugal force, varies everywhere as the square of the cosine of the latitude. Now, a pendulum swinging freely backwards and forwards is impelled by gravity alone, and as the time which a weight would take to fall through a space equal to the length of the pendulum bears a certain known proportion to its time of oscillation, we are enabled, by observing the rate of the oscillations of a pendulum of known length, to deduce from it what length of pendulum would in that place beat exact seconds,

and consequently how far a body would fall in a second—in other words, the force of gravitation at that place.*

A pendulum which beats seconds in London is too slow at the equator, and requires to be shortened. This is easy to understand when we know that gravity decreases towards the equator. Experiments have been made with the pendulum in all parts of the world. Sir Edward Sabine carried it from the equator to Spitzbergen, and it was hoped that the present expedition would give us the results of observations taken at the pole itself. All preparations were made for that purpose, but the severity of the climate proved too much for the clockwork. It was not till after several attempts that the idea was finally abandoned. Captain Stephenson writes in March 1876:—

Commander Beaumont had everything ready for observations with the pendulum at the beginning of this month, being in hopes a milder temperature would have allowed the clock to go, but the very severe weather frustrated his expectations. This being the last month the clock can be rated by the transit of the stars, having now perpetual daylight, he was prepared to make a great effort. It remains to be proved whether the observations can be carried out with sufficient accuracy by means of the sun alone. If this is not successful, the only other opportunity would be in the autumn, during the few days between the re-appearance of the stars, and the advent of a temperature that would stop the clock, stars of the first magnitude being visible at night during the first week in October.†

But it was not to be. The machinery of the clocks employed would not stand the severe cold; the oil froze in the works, and they would not go at all. It will easily be understood that observations on the length of a second must be conducted with minute accuracy to be of any value, and under the circumstances this was not attainable.

The collective indications of observations already made clearly show the general accuracy of the law deduced from theory as to the increase of gravity as the pole is approached; but there are so many disturbing causes, owing to irregularities in the shape of the earth's surface that it is impossible to project from observations

made in different parts of the earth such a curve as will harmonize them all. It is tolerably certain that the general result already arrived at will not be disturbed by any future operations. The earth is known to be a slightly oblate spheroid, and any correction of its form as now assumed will probably be very minute, and will be useful only in mathematical calculation of the highest refinement. We may therefore easily console ourselves for the failure of Commander Beaumont's attempt.

While we are on the subject of clocks, we may remark a curious circumstance, which was not expected. It was supposed that chronometers would not, in the severe cold of the Arctic circle, keep their rates with sufficient accuracy to enable the longitude to be determined by their means alone. We pointed out in a recent number of this review* that the difficulty of trusting to chronometers for longitude in our Arctic expedition would arise from the circumstance that, in all probability, the expedition would arrive at its extreme point, where it would be locked fast for a time, some months after leaving the last known point of well-defined longitude, and therefore it was impossible to predict how the rates of the chronometers might be affected during those months.

This result would arise not only from the lapse of time, but from a chronometrical fact which has not yet been brought under control, namely, that when the temperature is at or about freezing-point, the rates of chronometers become unmanageable. No form of compensation hitherto tried has been able to correct this defect. The object of "compensation" is to produce uniformity of rate in spite of difference of temperature. This is partially, but only partially, effected by the application of weights to the balance; it is a process slow and costly, and moreover, cannot be applied in such a manner as to meet all circumstances. The difference of force in a spring proceeds uniformly in proportion to the increase of heat, and may be graphically represented by a straight line inclined, at some angle, to another straight line, which is divided to represent degrees of temperature. But the inertia of a compound balance cannot be made to decrease quite so rapidly as the heat increases; and therefore its rate of variation can only be represented by a curve, which will only coincide with the straight line representing the variation of force in the spring at two points. In other words,

* (1.) The oscillations of a pendulum in small arcs are all made in equal times.

(2.) The time of oscillation is proportionate to the length of the pendulum.

(3.) The time of oscillation is to the time in which a body would fall from a state of rest down the length of the pendulum as the periphery of a circle to its diameter.

† Report, p. 9, sect. 110.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 281, p. 164.

the compensation can only be exact for some two temperatures for which you may choose to adjust it. But this anticipated wildness in the rates of the chronometers did not take place to the extent expected in the case of the recent expedition. Owing to care and skill, they were able to keep their chronometers at a temperature so nearly even that, although by no means free from variation, they did not become unreliable. Captain Stephenson tells us * that during the winter fifty sets of lunars were observed, sixteen of which, up to the date of March 1876, were calculated. The mean of all gave a longitude which accorded with the longitude deduced from the chronometers within thirty seconds of time. Commander Beaumont ascertained the rates of the chronometers from time to time by means of the transit instruments. A variation in their rates was observed, following the changes of temperature during the winter; but notwithstanding this, and the frequent concussion experienced by the ship in working through the ice, Captain Stephenson remarked with some surprise how nearly the results deduced from the lunars accorded with those of the accumulated rates.

The sun re-appeared on the 1st of March, and the explorers were almost immediately on foot. By the end of the month all the pioneer expeditions had done their work, and on the 3rd of April the long journey sledges took their departure. Three weeks later, when Stephenson, after despatching his own parties, went up to the "Alert" to confer with Nares, none but a few officers, who had returned from pioneer sledging journeys, and some invalids, were left on board the ships. The northern division under Markham and Parr were off in the direction of the pole; Aldrich was surveying Grinnell Land to the west; Rawson and Egerton were away laying a depot on the north shore of Greenland; Beaumont had started with heavier sledges in their track; surveying parties were away from the "Discovery" laying down Lady Franklin Sound and Petermann Fiord; the naturalists, hunters, explorers, and photographers, were busy in their several avocations. Every one was taking advantage with feverish eagerness of the short interval of summer.

Nearly opposite to the spot where the "Discovery" passed the winter were the winter quarters of the American exploring expedition, commanded by Hall in the year

1872. Polaris Bay, as it is called, lay just across Robeson Channl, and a considerable quantity of stores had been left there by the Americans, and were now at the disposal of Beaumont for his Greenland exploration. The "Polaris" expedition had found that, in 1872, the ice broke up in Robeson Channel in the month of May, Beaumont was not to return till June 15; it was, therefore, necessary to provide some means for him to cross the strait in case he should arrive on its shores after the ice had begun to move. Captain Stephenson determined to have a boat conveyed across the ice to the "Polaris" depot, there to await the return of the explorers, and a party started with that end in view. Captain Stephenson followed with light sledges, and overtook them at Hall's Rest.

The object of Captain Stephenson's personal presence on that occasion may be gathered from the following extract:—

On the following day, the American flag being hoisted, a brass tablet prepared in England was erected at the foot of Captain Hall's grave with due solemnity. It bore the following inscription:—

Sacred
to the Memory of
CAPTAIN C. F. HALL,
of the U.S. Ship "Polaris,"
who sacrificed his Life
in the advancement of Science,
on the 8th November, 1871.

This Tablet has been erected by the British Polar Expedition of 1875, who, following in his footsteps, have profited by his experience.

Captain Hall, of the "Polaris," was a man of iron frame and great personal courage. He had prepared himself for the work before him by long residence among the Esquimaux. He learned their language and adopted their habits in a way that might, perhaps, have been found impossible by a man of more delicate nurture. As his friend and biographer says, "He learned to like the repulsive food the Esquimaux lived on; fasting when it was scarce, with the *sang-froid* of one 'to the manner born,' and relishing the blubber, when it came, with the best of them." He was stoutly and very powerfully built, and, according to the portraits we have seen of him, his features were as rugged as his heart was kindly. He had not the advantage of a liberal education, but he was, though not a seaman by profession, an expert navigator, and was remarkable for the neatness and precision of his astronomical observations. The

* Report, sect. 112.

main fault in his character, and, in fact, the one which at last endangered the safety of his expedition, is thus dealt with by no unfriendly hand :—

The extent to which he was able to overlook the insolence and impertinence of those who owed him duty and allegiance is something marvellous to consider. Indeed, he carried this too far. Had he dealt more sternly with the beginnings of insubordination, we might have had a far different story to tell; but every other feeling and sentiment were swallowed up in the absorbing desire to get north.

It is, indeed, impossible now to know what would have been the result if Hall had been able to impress his own strong hopes and belief on those who composed his expedition. Immediately after his death they broke up into parties without union or cohesion, animated, as it would seem, by an overmastering desire to return home. Upon the details of the disintegration of the expedition, and the miserable accusations and recriminations which followed it, we have no intention of dwelling; the whole matter has been subjected to searching examination in America, and we only allude to it in order to record the deliberate opinion of the naval court which examined the survivors of the expedition. The worst accusation, and one which, it would seem, poor Hall himself believed in, was that he died by poison administered by his own people. This the court emphatically rejected as untrue.

There can be no doubt that the English expedition was sent to Smith Sound partly in reliance on alleged discoveries of land reaching far above 83° in the direction of the pole; and it will hardly be wrong to assume that, if the land laid down on the American chart had really existed, Sir George Nares' expedition would have had a more successful result. But it is worth while to inquire to what extent the discoveries inserted in American charts, on the alleged authority of the "Polaris" expedition, are really founded on claims made by them. No such claims, certainly, were ever made by poor Hall himself. The geographical determinations made by him are singularly truthful and accurate; and it is but an act of duty to acquit one who is no longer here to speak for himself, of misleading us in a matter for which, as leader of the party, he is naturally held responsible. The reader will see by reference to the map what were the claims made on behalf of the American expedition, and what has now been found to be the actual state of the case. In one, the

land is made to trend upwards on the west side of Robeson Channel, nearly up to the eighty-fourth parallel. Due north, running east and west across the entrance to the sound, lies land in a still higher latitude, to which the name of President's Land has been given; and away to the north-east, and forming the supposed continuation of the eastern shore of Robeson Channel, are marked capes and headlands to which American names have been assigned. All these fiords, bays, capes, and sounds have appeared in the official charts of the American Admiralty, and were thence transferred to our own; but it now seems that they must be altogether erased. A note appears on the American chart, saying that, the original documents having been lost, the coast-line has been laid down according to the recollection of the officers and men composing the expedition. It may be so; but the information was not given by any of the recognized leaders. Hall, as we see on the face of the chart, had nothing to do with the matter. With regard to the officers composing the expedition, we find that they say almost as little as their commander. Their evidence is contained in the official report to the president of the United States, by the secretary of the navy, on the loss of the "Polaris," which is now before us.

The scientific officer of the expedition, who was sent out by the American authorities to be responsible for such like matters, was Dr. Meyer. That officer's draft chart is prefixed to the official report, and contains no names, nor anything north of Cape Union (which cape, though placed too far to the north on the American chart, was seen by the "Polaris" expedition), but a dotted line alone indicates what, in his opinion, was the probable direction of the coast. At the close of his evidence, Dr. Meyer said, in answer to a question, "I believe I surveyed the coast a little above 84° on the west coast; on the east coast, about $82^{\circ} 30'$." This is the sole remark, so far as we can learn from the official report, on which the American hydrographers can have founded their work. The leader is silent. The scientific officer sends in a sketch, truly representing what he thought he saw. Who then invented the elaborate series of bays, sounds, and headlands, eighteen or twenty in number? and who gave to these imaginary localities the names by which they are marked on the official chart? It is as great a crime against the unwritten law of nations to publish false charts as it is to exhibit false lights to lure vessels to de-

struction. We know what was the claim put forth in the modest American chart when it left the hands of those who did the work and reported the results. To whose credulity, or imagination, does it owe its subsequent completed form?

The chart requires other corrections, different however both in degree and kind. It is only natural that the early surveys of Hayes and Kane should require considerable correction; but they were certainly both to blame in altering surveys originally made by Admiral Ingfield without sufficient cause. For instance, to quote Captain Nares:—

The two islands marked on the chart on the authority of Dr. Hayes as existing in the entrance of Hayes Sound are, as originally represented by Admiral Ingfield, in reality joined. The three capes named by the latter, north of Cape Sabine, are very prominent headlands, and readily sighted from a ship's deck from any position north of Littleton Island. There is no sign of an inlet along the very slightly indented coast line between his Cape Camperdown and Cape Albert. His Princess Marie Bay is the inlet north of the land in the middle of the sound, but whether that be an island or a peninsula remains to be determined; and his Cape Victoria is evidently one of the headlands on the present Grinnell Land. It is necessarily an unthankful office to find fault with our predecessors; but navigators cannot be too careful how they remove from the chart names given by the original discoverers, merely because during a gale of wind a bearing or an estimated distance is a trifle wrong; and when the corrector or improver is also himself considerably wrong, and in fact produces a more unreliable chart than the first one, he deserves blame. The names given to the headlands undoubtedly discovered by Admiral Ingfield should not have been altered by Drs. Kane and Hayes, each of whom published very misleading delineations of the same coast.

The whole body of the land on the west side of Robeson Channel also requires to be rectified. It can be no pleasure to find fault with explorers so intrepid and conscientious as Hayes and Kane, both of whom have done much to cement that good feeling between England and America which community of object and enterprise has so great a tendency to secure. Moreover, when mistakes arise, the circumstances of Arctic surveying, with its inevitable concomitants of freezing fingers, and object-glasses clouded with rapidly congealing mist, must always be taken into account. The approach of the eye to an eye-piece is sufficient to cloud it; and he must be almost more than human who does not jump somewhat hastily at an an-

gle or an altitude when a mitten removed means frost-bitten fingers, and it is almost as difficult to read off the arc on a sextant as to work out the observation when the data are secured. There was on the part of Nares no anxiety to upset the allegations of the American chart. As an officer of the expedition naïvely remarked to us, "we did not go to pick holes in the results of our predecessors, but to establish accurate positions ourselves." A keen observer of the corrected English chart will often find evidences of the kindly care with which former mistakes have been shielded. Wherever an erroneous determination has been made by a predecessor, the name already given has, if possible, been attached to the latitude and longitude appropriated to it, while the point which was the original recipient of the name receives along with its correct definition in latitude and longitude another designation. These little courtesies are pleasing to observe, especially as they are not universal. But although it is a thankless task to correct the venial mistakes of gallant men like Kane and Hayes, who risked their lives to obtain the positions they set down, it is difficult to look with equal equanimity on the claims put forth by office men comfortably seated at home, especially when the inevitable result must be to damage, and not to increase, the reputations of those whose explorations they pretend to embody. We are more distinctly conscious of such a feeling when, as we have shown to be the case with reference to the capes and bays north of Cape Union, the surveyors make no such claim for themselves as is made in their name.

While the sledging parties were away, Mr. Hart, naturalist of the "Discovery," found coal near the winter quarters of his ship. To our minds this is one of the most interesting results of the expedition. It opens out a whole range of speculations as to cosmical phenomena of the most primary importance. Coal is but the accumulated decay of a luxuriant vegetation, which demanded a long period of warmth and moisture, differing in the widest degree from the climatic condition of the pole at the present time. It has been long known that the northern part of the Parry Islands abounded with carboniferous rocks, and coal has been found and worked to a considerable extent in Greenland, but now we know that it extends almost to the pole itself. It is, therefore, no matter of conjecture, but of certainty, that a luxuriant vegetation and consider-

able heat existed where we now find only the accumulated ice of ages.

It is the generally received opinion both among geologists and botanists that the flora of the coal period does not indicate the existence of a tropical, but of a moist and equable, climate. Tree ferns range as far south as New Zealand, and araucanian pines occur in Norfolk Island. A great preponderance of ferns and lycopodiums, says Sir Charles Lyell, indicates moisture, equability of temperature, and freedom from frost, rather than intense heat. The atmosphere during the coal period probably resembled the climate which we endeavor artificially to represent in our hot-houses. But it is not sufficient for the production of coal that there should be a climate suitable to the growth of a luxuriant vegetation. It is almost equally essential that immediately after the decay of such vegetation it should be preserved by being covered over by a thick deposit of sand, mud, or clay. For this end it was necessary that the area on which the plants grew should be submerged, and that in a cold rather than in a warm sea.

The generally admitted theory of coal formation is this, that the coal trees grew near broad estuaries and on immense plains but little elevated above the sea-level; that after the growth of many generations of trees the plain was submerged under the sea, and in process of time covered over with sand, gravel, and sediments carried down by the streams from the adjoining land; that the submerged plain afterwards became again elevated above the sea-level, and formed the site of a second forest which after the lapse of long centuries was again submerged. The alternate process of submergence and emergence went on till we have a succession of buried forests with immense stratified deposits between, which ultimately become converted into beds of coal.

Oscillation of the land, so often repeated, has been the wonder and despair of geologists; for any theory which pretended to account for the presence of coal—in Greenland, for instance, or at the pole—was bound as a condition of success to account not only for alternations of climate in the icy region of the north, in itself a formidable problem, but for the oscillation of the land alternately below and above the sea-level as many times as there were thicknesses or seams in the coal, for evidently during the formation of each seam the land must have been alternately once submerged and once elevated. This, in fact, was one of the unsolved problems of

geology; it was long suspected that its final solution must be referred to the astronomer, but unluckily the great masters of that science at the beginning of the present century darkened counsel by rejecting, on what now appears to be insufficient grounds, the explanation that lay ready to their hands. There are only two astronomical causes which could be supposed to materially affect the climate of the earth. One was a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the other a change in the earth's orbit. Laplace calculated the possible variation of obliquity of the ecliptic, and pronounced it so insignificant as to cause little effect on climate in general, and, *a fortiori*, to have had no effect whatever on the climate of the pole. He also, after calculating the extreme limit of variation in the form of the earth's orbit, agreed with Herschel, Lagrange, and other celebrated men, that this must also be put aside. The question was thenceforth looked upon as settled; which was an error, for they decided, as lawyers are supposed to decide, not on the merits of the case, but on the case as submitted to them.

We lately showed in this review that physical causes now at work could have produced, and probable did produce, the alternate and repeated submergence and emergence of the earth. We will now try whether, by similar reasoning, it can be shown how alternate climates succeeded each other at the pole. It is only necessary to deal with one pole, for whatever happened at one pole, the same phenomena would occur in each instance ten or twelve thousand years later at the other. There is a slight annual change in what is called the longitude of the perihelion; that is, the earth is not exactly in the same part of her journey round the sun, at the time of the equinox, in successive years. The consequence follows, that in process of time the equinoctial point travels right round the orbit. As the path of the earth is an ellipse, and not a circle, and the sun occupies one of the foci, the earth at any given season is never exactly the same distance from the sun two years running. The position of the earth at the equinox, or at the solstice, for example, would shift right round the orbit in twenty thousand years; so that, whatever was the position of the earth in summer, say in the year one, by the year ten thousand the position of the earth in summer would have shifted half round the orbit, and would occupy the position which was occupied by it in winter in the year one.

If the north pole were subjected to any given combination of circumstances in the year one, the south pole would be subjected to similar conditions about ten thousand years later. If, therefore, we can discover any combination of circumstances which at a particular time would produce a condition of perpetual ice in the northern hemisphere, and perpetual summer in the southern, we may be sure that ten thousand years later there will be perpetual summer in the north and perpetual ice in the south. And this see-saw would continue until, in the course of ages, alteration of the degree of eccentricity of the earth's orbit would remove the inducing cause. Now, there was such a combination of circumstances; in fact there have been several such combinations. There was one about two hundred and forty thousand years ago, and it lasted about one hundred and fifty thousand years. During the whole of that time the changes from warm to cold climate every ten or twelve thousand years must have been of the most extreme character. During that period the climate of the pole probably changed from the extremity of heat to intensest cold, many times. During the cold periods, the weight of ice on the glaciated hemisphere would displace, were it but two or three hundred feet, the centre of gravity of the earth; the level of the ocean would change to accommodate itself to the new centre of gravity, and there would be a submergence of the land. By degrees, after thousands of years, the ice would begin to melt, and form on the other hemisphere. The sea would return to its former level, and there would be an emergence of the land. This is the simple explanation of that emergence and subsidence of the land, within comparatively moderate periods, which have appeared to geologists to demand for their accomplishment millions upon millions of ages.

But we have to show that a cause has actually existed which could produce, through many thousand years, perpetual ice in one hemisphere and contemporaneously perpetual summer in the other. Astronomers were perfectly right in saying that no change which is astronomically possible in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit could alone produce such a condition of things; but they omitted to take into consideration the fact, that, though change of eccentricity could not directly cause such a condition, it might bring into existence causes which, operating

through long periods of time, would indirectly produce it.

The earth's orbit approaches, more or less, nearly to a circle. The major axis never changes; but the minor axis varies so that, when the earth's orbit is at its highest eccentricity, the earth is roughly fourteen million miles further from the sun at aphelion than at perihelion. The earth moves more slowly at aphelion than it does when it is near the sun; and, therefore, if the northern winter occurred in aphelion, it would not only be fourteen millions of miles further from the sun than in summer, but, as it moved more slowly, its winter would be longer. The other hemisphere with its winter in perihelion would, at the same time, be nearer the sun in winter, and get its winter over more quickly.

Year by year the aphelion winter would get colder and colder; not enough to produce what is called glaciation, but enough to make a great and general lowering of temperature; then would come into operation certain causes affecting the direction of ocean currents, to complete the work which astronomical causes had begun.

A great deal of controversy has taken place respecting the physical cause of the circulation of ocean currents. Some have attributed it to differences of specific gravity between the polar and equatorial water; some to difference of thermal condition between the equator and the poles. But evidence, in our opinion almost irresistible, points to the conclusion that the ocean circulation is due to the winds. The globe may be said to have only one sea, just as the earth has only one atmosphere. We are so accustomed to think of the Atlantic and Pacific as separate oceans, and the currents of the ocean as independent of one another, that a confusion not unnaturally results from the idea that, supposing the currents to be due to the winds, their direction must follow the direction of the prevailing winds blowing over that particular sea. The currents are, however, only members of a grand system of circulation produced by the combined action of all the prevailing winds of the globe; and though it may happen that the general system of winds may in some places produce a current directly opposite to the direction of the winds blowing over that particular sea, in general terms it may be said that the direction of the main currents of the globe agrees with the direction of the prevailing winds. For example, in the North Atlan-

tic, the Gulf Stream bifurcates in mid-Atlantic; so does the wind. The left branch of the stream passes north-eastward into the Arctic regions, and the right branch south-eastward by the Azores; so does the wind. The south-eastern branch of the stream, after passing the Canaries, re-enters the equatorial current, and flows into the Gulf of Mexico; the same holds true of the wind. A like agreement exists in reference to all the leading currents of the ocean. This is particularly seen in the great Antarctic current, which, instead of turning to the left under the influence of the earth's rotation, turns to the right when it gets into the region of westerly winds between 40° and 50° south latitude. Mr. Croll goes so far as to say that "all the principal currents of the globe are in fact moving in the exact direction in which they ought to move, assuming the winds to be the sole impelling cause. So perfect is the agreement between the two systems that, given the system of winds, and the conformation of sea and land, the system of oceanic circulation might be determined *a priori*."*

Sir George Nares, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society,† briefly but boldly expressed similar views. He said, "The sea is the great distributor of heat. The two well-known trade-winds, blowing across the warm tropical seas from the eastward, and, as they approach the equator, gradually changing their course more to the northward and southward, till they may almost be said to meet, by the never-ending pressure which they exert on the ocean surface, accumulate a head of water in front of any obstruction to their course, and this flows naturally away towards the point or points of least resistance." That is the whole case; but it must be understood that the currents are not all on the surface. The surface currents follow the direction of the prevailing winds; the under currents, by means of which equilibrium is restored, generally dive down beneath the surface current, and run in the opposite direction. Such is the case with the Gulf Stream, which passes under the polar stream on the west of Spitzbergen, the latter passing in turn under the Gulf Stream beyond Bear Island. The polar streams flow southward as surface currents as long as they remain under the influence of northerly winds. When they reach the region of south-westerly winds, they disappear under the warm waters of the Gulf

Stream. And this for the simple reason that in each instance the stream, as Sir George Nares says, will take the line of least resistance. In the case of a stream going before the wind, this will be on the surface; when going against the wind, the line of least resistance will be some distance below it.

Now, we have seen how great an influence the ocean circulation exerts on the climate of the earth; we have also seen that the direction of ocean currents is determined by that of the prevailing winds. If, therefore, it should appear that astronomical causes affect the general direction of the winds, it will be evident that indirectly the same astronomical causes influence the climate of the earth. The trade-winds are caused by a cold indraught from the poles continually rushing towards the equator, there to replace the rarefied air, which, ascending, forms an upper current north and south. If the earth were quiescent, the lower current would, in both hemispheres, blow nearly north and south respectively; but the globe revolves on its axis from west to east; its velocity, nothing at the poles, is about a thousand miles an hour at the equator. In passing from high latitudes to the equator, the cold currents of air arrive progressively at regions where the earth is revolving with more and more velocity. The air, flowing from the north and south, is unable to keep up with this continually increasing rate of rotation; it lags behind, and thus forms two currents, opposite in direction to the rotation of the earth. Thus, by the combined efforts of the rotation of the earth and the difference of temperature between the poles and equator, two permanent winds are formed, to which the names of the north-east and south-east trades are given. Whichever pole is the coldest, or differs most in temperature from the equator, has most disturbance of thermal equilibrium to adjust, and sends forth the strongest wind. At present, the south is the coldest pole, and the south-east trades deflect the Gulf Stream to the north. But suppose the reverse to be the case, and the northern winter at a period of high eccentricity to occur in aphelion: the northern winds, coming from what would then be the coldest pole, would overpower the feeble winds of the south, and would blow far over the equator to the southward, the warm equatorial ocean current would be deflected, and would go to swell the Brazilian stream flowing to the south, Europe would soon sink to a temperature unfit for human life, and a

* Croll, "Climate and Time," p. 214.

† See *Times*, December 13, 1876.

glacial epoch would occur at the north pole. At length, by the operation of the same causes, after thousands of weary years, the scene would begin to change. The precession of the equinoxes would cause the position of the earth in summer to shift; the northern lands would begin to emerge from the waters of the icy sea; the ice-floes to deposit their boulder on the lowlands; the winter to become less long and dreary; finally would come a complete reversal—the northern winter occurring at last in perihelion, the difference between its short mild winter and its long summer would almost cease to be appreciable; and while the other hemisphere was undergoing the greatest extremes of summer heat and winter cold, the northern would enjoy a climate like that of perpetual spring. Then, as in the former case, the action of the winds would begin, the south-east trades would again convey the heated equatorial water to the pole, and a climate suitable to the constitution of the coal-plants would ensue.

It is by cosmical phenomena such as we have thus briefly, and necessarily most imperfectly, described—phenomena grand in their simplicity, and mighty in their action—that, in the opinion of our most trustworthy modern physicists, the alternations of climate at the pole, and the formation of the Arctic coal measures, have been caused. But these views, though held by many able natural philosophers, have yet not been finally accepted by a portion of the scientific world. A short time ago a paper was read before a learned society, proving fully and ably that no appreciable displacement of the earth's axis of rotation could be due to any possible accumulation of ice at the pole. So far good. But in the discussion which followed, it seemed to be assumed that, if such were the case, there was an end of any possible explanation of the tropical flora proved to exist at the pole. Some went so far as to suggest that, if the inclination of the polar axis to the sun had not changed, the position of the pole on the earth must have changed, because, as was said, a polar night of five months implies a condition of things which must have been fatal to the life of the light-loving coal-trees, which could not live in the dark. This objection, however, is not considered a valid one by Dr. Hooker, the president of the Royal Society, who declares that the difficulty is much greater to his mind of conceiving plants enduring the excitement of an Arctic day than the torpor of an Arctic night. He adds, as an illustra-

tion of his view, that, when at St. Petersburg, he saw houses containing tropical plants—palms, ferns, and the like—covered over during the winter with mats, and these again with snow, till the plants were, for months together, in almost total darkness. The temperature was much lower than the normal requirements of such vegetation, and yet, to his surprise, when summer returned, the plants awoke as if it were from long sleep, and were splendid specimens of health and growth. The difficulty arising from the length of the Arctic night was therefore not very formidable. We cannot resist the pleasure of adding that Dr. Hooker, who will universally be allowed to be the first living authority on such subjects, expressed this opinion in conversation with the writer of these pages, and kindly accompanied his remarks with permission to quote them. It may be as well to add—though we hope we have already made our meaning clear—that the alternate emergence and submersion of the land of the pole, due to the presence of the ice-cap, is not produced by altering the inclination of the axis of rotation of the earth, as a ship would be made to float lopsided by piling weights on one side of her deck. The ice operates by altering the position of the centre of gravity. In a billiard ball the centre of gravity is in the exact centre of the ball; melt a few drops of lead on to its surface, and the centre of gravity of the whole mass will shift in the direction of the lead. So on the earth: the weight of the ice will shift the centre of gravity a little in the direction of the glaciated pole; the land is rigid and cannot move; but the particles of water will group themselves round the new centre, and consequently rise upon the land.

The sledging parties of the expedition started with high hopes and in the best spirits. They were the picked men of the navy, and formed a command of which any officer might well be proud. But almost at a stroke all the fair appearance of things was changed. In one party after another the dreadful scourge of scurvy broke out, which used once to be the terror of our navy, but had gradually come to be regarded as one of those preventible maladies which had been made matter of past history by modern appliances and science. We need not dwell much on the terrible theme; it has been matter of discussion in public and in private, and the facts of the case are not in dispute. The sledges started without the rations of lime-juice, which by some is said to be an absolute

preventive, and the chief of the expedition has, with a chivalry and candor which do him honor, whether he has failed in judgment or not, declared that such was the fact, and that the omission was made by his orders and on his responsibility. In his speech at the Guildhall he gave his reasons.

I will preface any remarks I may make by stating that I, as commander, am alone responsible for all connected with the conduct and diet of the Arctic expedition. Speaking after the game has been played out, it is, of course, very easy for me and others to talk now of what we should and what we should not have done. But, acting on my lights and experience at the time, I followed the example of such men as M'Clintock, Richards, Mecham, and M'Clure of the "Investigator," and started off our sledges with as nearly as possible the same rations as had proved fairly successful on all previous occasions—that is, without lime-juice for issue as a ration, a small quantity for use as a medicine being carried by the sledges which were not expected to be able to obtain game. With a similar scale of diet former expeditions were more or less successful; former sledge parties returned to their ships, after an absence of more than one hundred days, without lime-juice; some of our party were stricken down after only ten days. No sledge party employed in the Arctic regions in the cold month of April has ever been able to issue a regular ration of lime-juice. Every commander has desired to continue the daily issue of lime-juice while travelling, as recommended by all the medical authorities, but all have failed in doing so during the cold weather. In addition to the extra weight to be dragged that its carriage would entail, there is the even more serious consideration of the time necessary in order to melt sufficient snow. At the present time the necessary cooking in the morning and evening occupies the cook for between five and six hours, in addition to his long day's work dragging the sledge. It is no easy matter to drag your house, provisions, and fuel for melting snow, and to rely solely upon the one load for about forty days. In the late expedition all the officers and men preferred tea for lunch instead of the former ration of rum, but this alteration necessitated a long halt of an hour and a half in the middle of the day's journey, the party dancing round the sledge in the mean time in order to keep themselves warm. When I state this fact, perhaps some can realize how totally unable we were to obtain even a draught of water, however thirsty we might be. After the middle of May, when the weather is warmer, lime-juice can be and was used as a ration. Of course hereafter lime-juice in some shape or other must be carried in all sledging journeys; and we earnestly trust that some means will be found to make it into a lozenge, for, as a fluid, there is, and will always be, extreme difficulty in using it in cold weather unless Arctic trav-

elling is considerably curtailed. Owing to the thaw which sets in before the return of the sledges, in its present state it must be carried in bottles; but up to the middle of May, it remains frozen as solid as a rock, and if the bottles have not already been broken by the jolting of the sledge or the freezing of the contents, they have to be broken on purpose before chipping off a piece of the frozen lime-juice, as if it were a piece of stone.

On a matter of this importance it is not necessary either to apologize for this long extract or to add anything to it. Controversy about facts must cease when the principal person concerned has admitted and justified what some hold to be the charge against him, and which he himself declares must be the subject of careful and exhaustive inquiry. We have every reason to believe that this inquiry will be held without delay, and we have no intention to anticipate it. There is only one remark that we should desire to make: a fault of judgment may be pardoned in a commander; want of moral strength, never. Even if it should be found that Sir-George failed in judgment in this matter, he has in our opinion shown the finer form of fitness for command, in his readiness to assume the responsibility of his acts.

As soon as it was known that the land described in the American charts did not exist, it was a matter of foregone conclusion that Captain Markham should fail to reach the pole. The route over which he had to travel had already been surveyed in the spring, and it was known that, as soon as the land was left, it would be impossible to make much head over the paleocrystic ice. But he did all that mortal man could do, and, to say the truth, all that he was meant to do, in planting the British flag in the highest latitude ever reached by man. We can now say to our friendly rivals, "*C'est à vous, messieurs.*" It has taken nearly fifty years to beat Parry by twenty miles or so. We can rest on our oars now till another nation beats Markham and Parr. The heroism of the sledge crews was magnificent. Overworked, overtired, borne down by the weight of a dreadful and depressing malady, cold, hungry—for, in their state of sickness, it was impossible for them to eat the available rations—they struggled on; they had not even the excitement of hope, for they well knew that to reach the pole was the wildest of dreams. As one man after another fell a victim to the the dreadful malady, they put him on the sledges, and went on with the additional weight.

It was not till they were utterly exhausted that they turned their faces towards the ship. When within thirty miles of it, they could get no further, and Commander Parr volunteered to go off alone into the dreadful desert on the chance of reaching the ship and bringing back assistance to the sufferers. He arrived unable to articulate from exhaustion. We need hardly say that the whole of the officers on board volunteered for the relief sledges, and within an hour were on the road. Of seventeen of the finest men of the navy who composed the original party, but five were able to walk alongside. One was dead, and the remainder in the last extremity of illness.

The case of the Greenland explorers was even worse. Commander Beaumont quitted his ship, the "Discovery," on the 6th of April, and arrived at the "Alert" on the 16th, whence he made his final start, and had hardly advanced more than a few miles before his party were attacked with the same blight as had prostrated the northern division. Even on his outward journey, man after man fell sick, and had to be carried on the sledges. The 20th of May, more than a month from the time of his departure, he was still fighting his way along the coast of north Greenland.

We give almost at random a few lines from his journal. They will show what kind of trial he and his men were enduring, and under what circumstances discipline was maintained.

In the mean time the men had been struggling on as best they could, sometimes dragging the sledge on their hands and knees to relieve their aching legs, or hauling ahead with a long rope and standing pulls. . . . Nobody will ever believe what hard work this becomes, but this may give them some idea of it. When halted for lunch, two of the men crawled for two hundred yards on their hands and knees rather than walk unnecessarily through this awful snow. . . .

And this was an advancing exploring party!

A few days later:—

For two days previous they had been unable to change or even reach any of their foot gear, and now Paul was as bad; and for the remainder of the time each man, as he arrived at that stage of disease, had to be dressed and prepared for the day's journey every morning and put to bed in the evening.

Still later:—

Next march, Dobing broke down altogether, and Jones felt so bad he did not think he could

last much longer. Poor fellows! disappointment at the change of routes had much to do with it. This was our darkest day. We were forty miles off Polaris Bay at the very least, and only Gray and myself to drag the sledge and the sick. The thing did not seem possible. . . .

The work towards the end became excessively severe on account of the narrowness of the passes. The sledge had to be unloaded and the sick lowered separately in the sail. . . .

On the evening of the 24th we started for our last journey with the sledge, as I thought; for finding that Jones and Gray were scarcely able to pull, I had determined to reach the shore at the plain, pitch the tent, and walk over by myself to Polaris Bay, to see if there were any one there to help us; if not, come back, and, sending Jones and Gray, who could still walk, to the depot, remain with the sick and get them on as best I could. But I thank God it did not come to this, for as we were plodding along the now water-sodden floe towards the shore, I saw what turned out to be a dog-sledge and three men, and soon after had the pleasure of shaking hands with Lieutenant Rawson and Dr. Coppinger. Words cannot express the pleasure, relief, and gratitude we all felt at this timely meeting. It did the sick men all the good in the world.

To quote from the journal of Commander Aldrich, who led the western division, would be to repeat the same dreadful details. The party broke down, and, were supported by the same pluck, and brought back alive—that is all one can say—by the help of God and the same determined courage. Surely nothing finer was ever recorded than this advance of three sledges, one to the north, another to the east, a third to the west, laden down with sick and dying men, in obedience to an order to do their best, each in their separate direction. And nothing more touching was ever penned than the narratives, full of tenderness and simplicity, in which the sailor writers tell their story.

It is the old story—too common in English annals—the organization broke down, and individual heroism stepped in to save the honor of the day. But at what a cost!

There are some defeats which are more glorious than victories; some failures which are grander than the most brilliant success. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava was a useless waste of life; yet we doubt if any feat of arms in modern times ever had so fine a moral effect as that piece of heroic stupidity. In like manner, these gallant seamen have failed to reach the pole; but they have won a proud place in their country's annals. They have done Englishmen good. Pity it is that we should have to say, as the

military critic did of that other deed we spoke of but now, "*C'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER POLITICS AND NIGHTINGALES.

LORD WILLOWBY had fallen asleep. Through the white curtains of the window they could see him lying back in an easy chair, a newspaper dropped on his knee. Why should they go in to wake him?

The wan light was dying away from the bosom of the lake down there, and there was less of a glow in the northern skies; but the stars were burning more clearly now — white and throbbing over the black foliage of the elms. The nightingale sang from time to time; and the woods were silent to hear. Now and again a cool breeze came through the bushes, bringing with it a scent of lilacs and sweet-briar. They were in no hurry to re-enter the house.

Balfour was talking a little more honestly and earnestly now; for he had begun to speak of his work, his aims, his hopes, his difficulties. It was not a romantic tale he had to tell on this beautiful night; but his companion conferred romance upon it. He was talking as an eager, busy, practical politician; she believed she was listening to a great statesman — to a leader of the future — to her country's one and only saviour. It was of no use that he insisted on the prosaic and commonplace nature of the actual work he had to do.

"You see, Lady Sylvia," he said, "I am only an apprentice as yet. I am only learning how to use my tools. And the fact is, there is not one man in fifty in the House who fancies that any tools are necessary. Look how on the most familiar subjects — those nearest to their own doors — they are content to take all their information from the reporters in the newspapers. They never think of inquiring, of seeing, for themselves. They work out legislation as a mere theorem; they have no idea how it is practically applied. They pass Adulteration Acts, Sanitary Acts, Lodging-House Acts; they consider Gas Bills, Water Bills, and what not; but it is all done in the air. They don't know.

Now I have been trying to cram on some of these things; but I have avoided official reports. I know the pull it will give me to have actual and personal experience — this is in one direction only, you see — of the way the poorer people in a great town live: how taxation affects them, how the hospitals treat them, their relations with the police, and a hundred other things. Shall I tell you a secret?"

These were indeed pretty secrets to be told on this beautiful evening: secrets not of lovers' dreams and hopes, but secrets about Sanitary Acts and Municipal Bills.

"I lived for a week in a court in Seven Dials, as a French polisher. Next week I am going to spend in a worse den — a hunt of thieves, tramps, and hawkers — a very pretty den, indeed, to be the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and almost under the shadow of Westminster Abbey."

She uttered a slight exclamation — of deprecation and anxious fear. But he did not quite understand.

"This time, however," he continued, "I shall be not so badly off; for I am going to live at a common lodging-house, and there the beds are pretty clean. I have been down and through the whole neighborhood; and have laid my plans. I find that by paying eightpence a night — instead of fourpence — I shall have one of the married people's rooms to myself, instead of having to sleep in the common room. There will be little trouble about it. I shall be a hawker, my stock-in-trade, a basket; and if I disappear at three in the morning — going off to Covent Garden, you know — they won't expect to see me again till nine or ten in the evening, when they meet in the kitchen to smoke and drink beer. It is then I hope to get all the information I want. You see there will be no great hardship. I shall be able to slip home in the morning, get washed, and a sleep. The rooms in these common lodging-houses are very fairly clean; the polite supervision is very strict."

"It is not the hardship," said Lady Sylvia to her companion, and her breath came and went somewhat more quickly, "it is the danger — you will be quite alone — among such people."

"Oh," said he, lightly, "there is no danger at all. Besides, I have an ally — the great and powerful Mrs. Grace. Shall I tell you about Mrs. Grace, the owner of pretty nearly half of Happiness Alley?"

The Lady Sylvia would hear something of this person with the pretty name, who lived in that favored alley.

"I was wandering through the courts and lanes down there one day," says Balfour, "and I was having a bad time of it; for I had a tall hat on, which the people regarded as ludicrous, and they poured scorn and contempt on me, and one or two of the women at the windows above threw things at my hat. However, as I was passing one door, I saw a very strong-built woman suddenly come out, and she threw a basket into the middle of the lane. Then she went back, and presently she appeared again, simply shoving before her—her hand on his collar—a man who was certainly as big as herself. 'You clear out,' she said; and then with one arm—it was bare and pretty muscular—she shot him straight after the basket. Well, the man was a meek man, and did not say a word. I said to her, 'Is that your husband you are treating so badly?' Of course I kept out of the reach of her arm, for women who are quarrelling with their husbands are pretty free with their hands. But this woman, although she had a firm, resolute face, and a grey moustache, was as cool and collected as a judge. 'Oh, dear, no,' she said, 'that is one of my tenants. He can't pay, so he's got to get out.' On the strength of this introduction I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Grace, who is really a most remarkable woman. I suppose she is a widow, for she hasn't a single relative in the world. She has gone on taking house after house, letting the rooms, collecting her rents, and her nightly fees for lodgers, and looking after her property generally with a decision and ability quite out of the ordinary. I don't suppose she loses a shilling in the month by bad debts. 'Pay, or out you go,' is her motto with her tenants; 'Pay first, or you can't come in,' she says to her lodgers. She has been an invaluable ally to me, that woman. I have gone through the most frightful dens with her, and there was scarcely a word said; she is not a woman to stand any nonsense. And then, of course, her having amassed this property, sixpence by sixpence, has made her anxious to know the conditions on which all the property around her is held, and she has a remarkably quick and shrewd eye for things. Once, I remember, we had been exploring a number of houses that were in an infamous condition. 'Well,' I said to her, 'how do the sanitary inspectors pass this over?' She answered that the sanitary inspectors were only the servants of the medical officer of health. 'Very well, then,' I said, 'why doesn't the

medical officer of health act?' You should have seen the cool frankness with which she looked at me. 'You see, sir,' she said, 'the medical officer of health is appointed by the vestry; and these houses are the property of Mr. —, who is a vestryman; and if he was made to put them to rights, he might as well pull them down altogether. So I suppose, sir, the inspectors don't say much; and the medical officer he doesn't say anything; and Mr. — is not put to any trouble.' There is nothing of that sort about Mrs. Grace's property. It is the cleanest bit of whitewash in Westminster. And the way she looks after the water-supply — But really, Lady Sylvia, I must apologize to you for talking to you about such uninteresting things —"

"Oh, I assure you," said the girl, earnestly and honestly, "that I am deeply interested—intensely interested; but it is all so strange and terrible. If—if I knew Mrs. Grace, I would like to—to send her a present."

It never occurred to Balfour to ask himself why Lady Sylvia Blythe should like to send a present to a woman living in one of the slums of Westminster. Had the girl a wild notion that by a gift she could bribe the virago of Happiness Alley to keep watch and ward over a certain audacious young man who wanted to become a Parliamentary Haroun al Raschid?

"Mr. Balfour," said Lady Sylvia, suddenly, "have you asked this Mrs. Grace about the prudence of your going into that lodging-house?"

"Oh, yes, I have got a lot of slang terms from her—hawker's slang, you know. And she is to get me my suit of clothes, and the basket."

"But surely they will recognize you as having been down there before."

"Not a bit. I shall have my face plentifully begrimed; and there is no better disguise for a man than his taking off his collar and tying a wisp of black ribbon round his neck instead. Then I can smoke pretty steadily; and I need not talk much in the kitchen of an evening. But why should I bother you with these things, Lady Sylvia? I only wanted to show you a very small bit of the training that I think a man should go through before he gets up in Parliament with some delightfully accurate scheme in his hand for the amelioration of millions of human beings—of whose condition he does not really know the smallest particular. It is not the picturesque side of legislation. It is not heroic. But then if you want a fine, bold, ambitious flight of statesmanship you have only to go to Ox-

ford or Cambridge; in every college you will find twenty young men ready to remodel the British Constitution in five minutes."

They walked once more up to the window; Lord Willowby was still asleep, in the hushed yellow-lit room. Had they been out a quarter of an hour—half an hour? It was impossible for them to say; their rapidly growing intimacy and friendly confidence took no heed of time.

"And it is very disheartening work," he added, with a sigh. "The degradation, physical and mental, you see on the faces you meet in these slums is terrible. You begin to despair of any legislation. Then the children—their white faces, their poor, stunted bodies, their weary eyes—thank God you have never seen that sight. I can stand most things—I am not a very soft-hearted person—but—but I can't stand the sight of those children."

She had never heard a man's sob before. She was terrified, overawed. But the next moment he had burst into a laugh, and was talking in rather a gay and excited fashion.

"Yes," said he, "I should like to have my try at heroic legislation too. I should like to be made absolute sovereign and autocrat of this country for one week. Do you know what I should do on day number one? I should go to the gentlemen who form the court of the great City guilds, and I would say to them, 'Gentlemen, I assure you you would be far better in health and morals if you would cease to spend your revenues on banquets at five guineas a head. You have had quite as much of that as is good for you. Now I propose to take over the whole of the property at present in your hands; and if I find any reasonable bequest in favor of fish-mongers, or skimmers, or any other poor tradesmen, that I will administer; but the rest of your wealth—it is only a trifle of twenty millions or so, capitalized—I mean to use for the benefit of yourselves and your fellow-citizens.' Then, what next? I issue my edict, 'There shall be no more slums. Every house of them must be razed to the ground, and the sites turned into gardens, to tempt currents of air into the heart of the city.' But what of the dispossessed people? Why, I have got in my hands this twenty millions to whip them off to Nebraska and make of them great stock-raising communities on the richest grass-lands in the world. Did I tell you, Lady Sylvia," he added, seriously, "that I mean to hang all the directors of the existing water and gas companies?"

"No, you did not say that," she answered, with a smile. But she would not treat this matter altogether as a joke. It might please him to make fun of himself; in her inmost heart she believed that, if the country only gave him these unlimited powers for a single year, the millennium would *ipso facto* have arrived.

"And so," said he, after a time, "you see how I am situated. It is a poor business, this Parliamentary life. There is a great deal of mean and shabby work connected with it."

"I think it is the noblest work a man could put his hand to," she said with a flush on her cheek that he could not see; "and the nobleness of it is that a man will go through the things you have described for the good of others. I don't call that mean or shabby work. I would call it mean or shabby if a man were building up a great fortune to spend on himself. If that was his object, what could be more mean? You go into slums and dens; you interest yourself in the poorest wretches that are alive; you give your days and your nights to studying what you can do for them; and you call all that care, and trouble, and self-sacrifice mean and shabby!"

"But you forget," said he, coldly, "what is my object. I am serving my apprenticeship. I want these facts for my own purposes. You pay a politician for his trouble by giving him a reputation, which is the object of his life—"

"Mr. Balfour," she said, proudly, "I don't know much about public men. You may say what you please about them. But I think I know a little about you. And it is useless your saying such things to me."

For a second he felt ashamed of his habit of self-depreciation; the courage of the girl was a rebuke—was an appeal to a higher candor.

"A man has need to beware," he said. "It is safest to put the lowest construction on your own conduct; it will not be much lower than that of the general opinion. But I did wrong, Lady Sylvia, in talking like that to you. You have a great faith in your friends. You could inspire any man with confidence in himself—"

He paused for a moment; but it was not to hear the nightingale sing, or to listen to the whispering of the wind in the dark elms. It was to gain courage for a further frankness.

"It would be a good thing for the public life of this country," said he, "if there were more women like you—ready to

give generous encouragement, ready to believe in the disinterestedness of a man, and with a full faith in the usefulness of his work. I can imagine the good fortune of a man who, after being harassed and buffeted about — perhaps by his own self-criticism as much as by the opinion of others — could always find in his own home consolation, and trust, and courage. Look at his independence; he would be able to satisfy, or he would try to satisfy, one opinion that would be of more value to him than that of all the world beside. What would he care about the ingratitude of others, so long as he had his reward in his own home? But it is a picture, a dream."

"Could a woman be all that to a man?" the girl asked, in a low voice.

"You could," said he, boldly, and he stopped and confronted her, and took both her trembling hands in his. "Lady Sylvia, when I have dreamed that dream, it was your face I saw in it. You are the noblest woman I have known. I — well, I must say it now — I love you, and have loved you almost since the first moment I saw you. That is the truth. If I have pained you — well, you will forgive me after I have gone — and this will be the last of it —"

She had withdrawn her hands and now stood before him, her eyes cast down, her heart beating so that she could not speak.

"If I have pained you," said he, after a moment or two of anxious silence, "my presumption will bring its own punishment. Lady Sylvia, shall I take you back to the hall?"

She put one hand lightly on his arm.

"I am afraid," she said, and he could but scarcely hear the low and trembling words. "How can I be to you — what you described? It is so much — I have never thought of it — and if I should fail to be all that you expect?"

He took her in his arms, and kissed her forehead.

"I have no fear. Will you try?"

"Yes," she answered — and now she looked up into his face, with her wet eyes full of love, and hope, and generous self-surrender. "I will try to be to you all that you could wish me to be."

"Sylvia, my wife!" was all he said in reply; and indeed there was not much need for further speech between these two. The silence of the beautiful night was eloquence enough. And then from time to time they had the clear, sweet

singing of the nightingale, and the stirring of the night wind among the trees.

By-and-by they went back to the hall — they walked arm-in-arm, with a great peace and joy in their hearts; and they re-entered the dining-room. Lord Willowby started up in his easy-chair, and rubbed his eyes.

"Bless me," said he, with one of his violent smiles, "I have been asleep."

His lordship was a peer of the realm, and his word must be taken. The fact was, however, that he had not been asleep at all.

From Temple Bar.

EDMUND KEAN.

BOTH the parentage and the date of the birth of Edmund Kean are doubtful. There is not only an uncertainty about the father, a by no means uncommon circumstance in this world, but, what is much more rare, there is a suspicion even concerning the mother. A Miss Tidswell, an actress, of whom we shall have occasion to speak immediately, has sometimes been accredited with bringing him into the world, and even Kean himself seems to have entertained this belief — "For why," he says, "did she take so much trouble over me?" — while to no less a personage than a Duke of Norfolk has been given the honor of his paternity. One day in the lobby of Drury Lane Theatre, Lord Essex openly accused his Grace of the fact, and asked him why he did not acknowledge his son. The duke protested his friend was mistaken, and added that if it were so he should be proud to own him. Edmund's reputed mother, however, was a strolling actress, named Nance Carey. Her father was a strolling player; her grandfather, Henry Carey, dramatist and song-writer, and author of the sweet old lyric, "Sally in our Alley," was the natural son of the great Lord Halifax. Edmund's reputed father was one Kean, who is variously represented as a tailor or a builder. Some say the child was born in Castle Street, Leicester Square, others in a miserable garret in Ewer Street, Southwark; and 1787-88-89 are variously assigned as the dates of that event.

We hear nothing about the father; whoever he might have been, he seems to have taken no heed of his son from the time the latter came into the world. Neither was the mother more natural in

her conduct; she abandoned him to the care of the before-named Miss Tidswell, who seems to have been the only person who attended on her in her miserable confinement. At three years old he is said to have been a Cupid in one of the ballets at the Opera House. At five he was certainly one of the imps that John Kemble introduced into the witches' scenes in "Macbeth." But wild, mischievous propensities were early developed in the boy, and he and his companions playing some tricks in the cavern scene one night, which were not in their parts, were all dismissed.

After this he seems to have been sent to school in Orange Court, Leicester Square, and Miss Tidswell taught him to recite, fettering his erratic propensities by tying him up to a bedpost, and by occasionally severely, though kindly, correcting him. He was a weakly, sickly child, with bent legs and grown-out ankles, which necessitated the use of irons; these fortunately strengthened and straightened his limbs and saved him from deformity. And so passed his infant years.

By-and-by his mother, discovering, we suppose, that he might be of use to her, turned up again, after a long disappearance, claimed him, and took him away from his protectress. A more disreputable vagabond than Nance Carey it would be difficult to conceive; when strolling failed she tramped the country with perfumes and face-powders, and such like commodities. Edmund carried the merchandise, and when the opportunity presented itself recited scenes and speeches from plays, as he had been taught by Miss Tidswell, at taverns and farms, and sometimes at gentlemen's houses, giving imitations of Garrick in "Richard," learned of course secondhand, but said to be very good.

Among Miss Carey's customers was Mr. Young, a surgeon, the father of the future great tragedian. And it is related in the life of the latter, how once after a dinner party in that gentleman's house the young vagrant was had in to recite, while his mother waited in the hall, and how beside his father's chair stood a handsome boy of ten, named Charles. And so, strangely, at the beginning of their lives met the two men who were thereafter to be the great rivals of the London stage. Mr. Young recommended Nance's wares to a Mrs. Clarke of Guildford Street. Wherever she went she talked about the talents of her son, which brought her in far more money than her perfume bottles and pomatum, and her crafty eulogies soon

excited the curiosity of Mrs. Clarke to see this prodigy. His first introduction to this lady is thus graphically described by Barry Cornwall in his "Life of Kean:"—

The door was thrown open, and a pale slim boy of about ten years old entered, very poorly clad, ragged, with dirty hands, face washed, delicate skin, brilliant eyes, superb head of curled and matted hair, and a piece of hat in his hand. With the bow and air of a prince he delivers his message: "My mother, madam, sends her duty, and begs you will be so good as to lend her a shilling to take her spangled, tiffany petticoat out of pawn, as she wants it to appear in at Richmond to-morrow." "Are you the little boy who can act so well?" inquires the lady. A bow of assent and a kindling cheek were the sole reply. "What can you act?" "'Richard the Third,' 'Speed the Plough,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Harlequin,'" was the quick answer. "I should like to see you act." "I should be proud to act to you."

And so it was arranged that he should give her a taste of his quality that evening. Several friends were invited to witness the performance. At a little after six there came

the same thundering rap which had preceded his advent in the morning. His face was now clean, the delicacy of his complexion was more obvious than before, and his beautiful hair had been combed, and shone like a raven's wing. His dress had indeed suffered no improvement, but a frilled handkerchief of his mother's was stuck inside his jacket, and was more than a substitute for a shirt-collar.

The lady takes him away to her dressing-room to make some improvement in his costume, puts him on a black riding-hat and feathers, which she turns up at one side with pins; a sword and belt are also found and buckled round his waist. These appendages to his every-day rags certainly give the boy a somewhat comical appearance, and would excite the risibility of the guests but for the intense earnestness with which he dashes to the further end of the room which has been fixed upon for the stage, and where there are curtains and a door for exit, and before the people have time to laugh begins his recitation.

It was no small task that lay before him [continues his biographer] to face the smiles of an audience sceptical of his talents, and to conquer them. Yet he did this, nay, more; for the expression in the countenances of his audience changed from contempt or distrust into attention, from attention to admiration—to silent wonder—to tears.

A shower of sixpences and shillings rewarded his efforts, but he refused to pick

them up, and they were with difficulty forced upon him. Such was the boy's pride when free from the baleful influence of his vagabond mother.

This acting led to important consequences: Mrs. Clarke, struck by the boy's talents and pitying his condition, prevailed upon her husband to allow her to take him under her protection. She placed him at school, had him taught riding, fencing, dancing, and treated him as though he had been her own child, and he in return continued to delight her and her friends by his recitations. This lasted nearly two years. One day a lady and gentleman and their daughters came on a visit to Guildford Street; it was arranged they were all to go to the theatre that night, and mention was made of young Edmund accompanying them. "What, does *he* sit in the box with us!" exclaimed the snob, whom we have called gentleman above. They were at dinner when these words were spoken; the boy, crimson with mortification, dashed down his knife and fork, rose from the table, left the room and the house, resolving never again to enter it. He walked to Bristol, and tried to get on board a ship as cabin-boy, but all the captains pronounced him too small. Then he trudged back to London, supporting himself on the way by reciting at public-houses. One morning he was found by a man who knew him, ragged and footsore, upon a dung-heap in a mews near Guildford Street, and was taken back to his former home. But such an escapade could not be pardoned; some money being collected at a performance he gave, a sort of farewell benefit, the kind lady dismissed her unruly *protégé*, in whom were so strangely combined the pride of an aristocrat and the tastes of a gipsy.

After this he went back to the old life, now with his mother, now with Miss Tidswell, sometimes running away from the latter when chastised for his delinquencies. Once he was dragged home by a rope through the streets; at another time she bound a brass collar round his neck, as though he had been a dog of erratic habits; upon the collar was inscribed, "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," at which establishment he was sometimes engaged in a small capacity. Then we find him, together with his mother, one of the company of Richardson's Show. His acting at Windsor Fair excites so much attention that King George sent for him to the castle; his Majesty was so highly pleased with his talents that he made him a present of two guineas. When in London he recited at

various places of entertainment. A lady speaking to him one day, when he was the all-famous actor, of certain entertainments that used to be given in Leicester Place, remarked, —

"I used to be very much pleased with a person who spoke poetry at the Sans Souci." "Do you wish to know who it was that spouted poetry?" said Kean, turning head over heels in his drawing-room in Clarges Street, "Know then 'twas I."

By-and-by he succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his guardians, and the sea-fever coming upon him again, he made another attempt to get on board a ship. This time he was more successful, and went as cabin-boy on a voyage to Madeira. A life on the ocean, however, was evidently not to his taste; one trip was sufficient, and upon his return to England he went back to strolling.

In 1804 Jerrold informs us that Kean joined his father's company at Sheerness; he still dressed as a boy and still retained his mother's name of Carey. He opened in George Barnwell and Harlequin. He played the whole round of tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, pantomime, and sang comic songs, and all for fifteen shillings a week! Not being of provident habits, and already giving way to that dissipation which marked his whole life, such a stipend left little for times of enforced idleness. The want of the smallest coin frequently put him to terrible shifts. Once being at Rochester without a penny to pay the ferry toll, he, with his whole wardrobe tied up in a pocket handkerchief and slung round his neck, swam across the river. A few years afterwards, while proceeding to an engagement at Braintree in Essex, he found himself on the Kentish shore in the same impecunious condition. There was nothing for it but to swim across the Thames, which he accordingly did. He was to open that night in Rolla. All wet as he was, he set forward towards his destination, and arrived just in time, without being able to procure any refreshment, to get upon the stage. But exhausted nature gave way, he fainted in the middle of a scene. A fever and an ague were the results of that day's work.

He afterwards went to Belfast, where he had the honor of performing with Mrs. Siddons. The first part he played with her was Osmyn, in "Zara;" but he was grossly imperfect, and intoxicated as well, and excited the great lady's supreme disgust. Yet the next night he more than redeemed himself, at least as an actor, by

his performance of Young Norval. The star pronounced that he played "well, *very* well, but," she added with a lofty look, "it's a pity, there's too little of you to do anything." She little thought he was one day destined to snatch the sceptre from the Kemble grasp. In 1806 Miss Tidswell procured him an engagement at the Haymarket to play small parts — they were very small indeed, servants, alguazils, messengers — yet he worked hard to make the most of them. "Look at that little man," sneered an actor one night, "he is trying to make a part out of nothing!" But his restless ambition could not remain content in so subordinate a position, and the next year we find him back at Sheerness, playing everything for one guinea a week, which, however, was an advance of six shillings upon his former stipend. One night he was acting Alexander the Great, in Lee's tragedy, some officers in the stage-box annoyed him by laughing and calling out "Alexander the Little." At length, unable to endure this any longer, he advanced with folded arms, and a look that appalled the sneerers, close to the box and said, "Yes, but with a *great soul!*" Jerrold, writing of his versatility and ingenuity, says, "All the models for the tricks of the pantomime of 'Mother Goose,' as played at Sheerness, were made by him out of matches, pias, and paper."

At Gloucester, his next engagement, he met his future wife, Mary Chambers, a Waterford girl who had been a governess, and had then just entered the theatrical profession. Their first introduction did not at all promise such a catastrophe as matrimony. "Who is that shabby little man?" she enquired of the manager, as he stood at the wings. The piece they first played in together was "Laugh When You Can." The lady took the part of Mrs. Mortimer, Kean that of Sambo; he was very imperfect, and when they came off the stage, Miss Chambers, very angry and almost crying, objurgated him with, "It is very shameful, sir, that you should not know a word of your part." Kean made no reply, but went to the manager and asked, "Who the devil is that?" Master Betty, the "Young Roscius," came to Gloucester to "star," and Kean was cast Laertes to his Hamlet. On the day of performance he disappeared; for three days and three nights no tidings could be heard of him; men were sent out in all directions to seek him; he was found at last returning to the town. He went at once to the lodgings of Miss Chambers, to whom he was now now engaged.

"Where *have* you been, Mr. Kean?" was her anxious query.

"In the fields, in the woods: I am starved; I have eaten nothing but turnips and cabbages since I have been out. But I'll go again to-morrow, and again and again, and as often as I see myself put in for such a character. I'll play second to no man save John Kemble."

He and Miss Chambers were united in 1808, and the same year they accepted an engagement at Birmingham at £1 1s. each per week. This was afterwards increased ten shillings, in consideration of his acting harlequin. No contrast can be more striking than that between the past and present of theatrical salaries both in town and country; a leading actor in such a theatre as Birmingham would now command six or eight pounds a week. While fulfilling this engagement he played with Stephen Kemble, the man who acted Falstaff without padding, and was told by him that he had played Hotspur as well as the great John, his brother.

It is a received opinion that Kean's acting was wholly spontaneous and unstudied; this is a mistake. A contemporary writing of this period says, "He used to mope about for hours, walking miles and miles alone with his hands in his pockets, thinking intensely on his characters. No one could get a word from him; he studied and slaved beyond any actor I ever knew." Neither did he relax his labors, when he had reached the highest pinnacle of fame. It is related of him, that when studying Maturin's "Bertram," he shut himself for two days to study the one line, "Bertram has kissed the child!" It made one of these electric effects which from their vividness were supposed to be merely impulsive. Kean had great natural genius, but had he not bestowed upon it perfect cultivation, it would never have made him a great actor.

He seems never to have remained long in one engagement; his proud impetuous temper, which could endure neither reproof nor humiliation, and his irregular habits, brought about continual disagreements with his managers, and constant changes. Hence the miseries he endured; for even in those days of pitiful salaries the country actor, if provident, could contrive to live in respectability; but Kean suffered under a chronic destitution.

Birmingham did not long contain this erratic spirit; his next destination was Swansea. But ere he could leave the former town he had to borrow two pounds of his new manager to clear his liabilities,

and then walk the journey with a wife within a few weeks of her confinement. Barry Cornwall gives a sad but striking picture of this journey.

Kean, dressed in blue from head to foot, with his dark, sharp, resolute face, a black stock, and four swords over his shoulder suspending the family bundle of clothes, looked like a poor little navy lieutenant whom the wars had left on half-pay and penniless, trudging on with his wife to his native village.

They had started with only a few shillings, and upon arriving at Bristol, found themselves penniless and obliged to write to Swansea for another loan, which, when it came was nearly all swallowed up by the expenses they had incurred while waiting for it. A passage to Newport in a barge laden with hemp and tar followed: and thence to their destination on foot. Sometimes they encountered good Samaritans who would not take their money for the frugal meal they ordered; at others brutes who refused a drink of milk to the poor and footsore woman who scarcely knew an hour she might not be seized with premature pangs of maternity.

Not long enough, however, for the child to be born, did they remain at Swansea; that event took place at Waterford in September 1809. He was still under the same manager, Cherry, however. At Waterford he met the afterwards celebrated dramatist, Sheridan Knowles, then an obscure actor like himself, and for Kean was written his first play, never published, "Leo the Gipsy," in which he made a great success. Grattan gives the following description of his benefit performance in this town:—

The play was Hannah More's tragedy of "Percy," in which he, of course, played the hero. Edwina was played by Mrs. Kean, who was applauded to her heart's content. Kean was so popular, both as an actor and from the excellent character he bore, that the audience thought less of the actress's demerits than of the husband's feelings; and besides this the *débutante* had many personal friends in her native city and among the gentry of the neighborhood, for she had been governess to the children of a lady of good fortune, who used all her influence at this benefit. After the tragedy Kean gave a specimen of tight-rope dancing, and another of sparring with a professional pugilist. He then played the leading part in a musical interlude, and finished with Chimpanzee, the monkey, in the melodramatic pantomime of "*La Pérouse*," and in this character he showed agility scarcely since surpassed by Mazurier and Gouffe, and touches of deep tragedy in the monkey's death-scene, which made the audience shed tears.

He realized forty pounds by this benefit. But soon afterwards we find him strolling in the old misery, giving an entertainment at Dumfries to pay his lodging. One six-penny auditor alone came. This appears to have been a time of awful misery to the young couple. Leaving Scotland they trudged on to York, and there so desperate was Kean that he would have enlisted had not an officer dissuaded him. At York he met a kind friend in a Mrs. Nokes, the wife of a dancing-master, who hearing of their destitute condition brought them a five-pound note, and prevailed upon her husband to lend him the room in which he gave his lessons, for an entertainment. This entertainment consisted of scenes from plays, songs, and imitations of London actors. Nine pounds were the receipts, and with this the poor strollers started for London. The journey was done partly on foot, partly in wagons, Kean carrying the eldest boy much of the way. Soon after arriving in town he was engaged by Hughes of Sadler's Wells, who also had the Exeter Theatre, to go down to the old western city, to "play everything," for two pounds a week, the largest salary he had ever received. He and Hughes had acted together in Gloucester, where they announced a joint benefit; but the entire receipts of the house amounting to only eighteenpence they went hand in hand before the curtain and thanked and dismissed their patrons. Before leaving London he went to see Kemble in Wolsey. As soon as he got home he began to imitate him. "Shall I ever walk those boards?" he exclaimed. "I will and make a hit."

The good people of Exeter appreciated his harlequin more than his tragic heroes. His conduct here seems to have been very irregular. Once he absented himself from home for three days. To the question of where he had been, he replied grandiloquently, "I have been doing a noble action, I have been drinking these three days with a brother actor who is leaving Exeter, to keep up his spirits!" From Exeter he proceeded to Guernsey, where he became worse than ever. One night, from mere whim, he refused to act; the manager was obliged to go on and read the part; Kean walked into a private box, and, to add insult to injury, interrupted the performance repeatedly with cries of "Bravo, Hughes!" He returned to Exeter the next season. His benefit was patronized by a Mr. Buller, whose butler happened to say in his presence, "You will be sure to have a good house, as my master patronizes the play."

Kean's pride took fire, he vowed he would not sell a single ticket. "If the people won't come to see my acting," he said, "it shan't be said they come by Mr. Buller's desire." His conduct disgusted all his friends, and soon he found himself forsaken by everybody.

Now came what seemed to be a stroke of luck, but which afterwards proved a disaster that once threatened to mar his fortunes. He had been in correspondence with Elliston concerning an engagement at the new theatre in Drury Lane, now the Olympic; this he at last closed with for a salary of three pounds a week, but he could not get any definite time fixed for opening, and by-and-by Elliston seemed inclined to depart from the stipulations of the agreement, and so the business remained uncertain. In the mean time, while Kean was at Teignmouth, Doctor Drury, once head-master of Harrow, saw him act on his benefit night. When Mrs. Drury came next day to pay for her box, she said how highly gratified both herself and husband had been with his performance, and, better still, that the doctor would on the following day dine in company with Mr. Pascoe Greenfell, one of the committee of Drury Lane, and he would try to procure him an opening at that theatre. In due time arrived a letter requesting him to come up to London immediately. As usual he had no funds; all depended upon his benefit, and to obtain this he must play out his engagement. And so he had to journey from Teignmouth to Barnstaple, and thence to Dorchester, suffering all the tortures of hope deferred.

One night, in the autumn of the year 1814, while performing in the last-named town, —

The curtain drew up [to quote the actor's own words], I saw a wretched house; a few people in the pit and gallery, and three persons in the boxes showed the quality of the attraction we possessed. In the stage box, however, there was a gentleman who appeared to understand acting — he was very attentive to the performance. Seeing this, I was determined to play my best. [The part was Octavian in Colman's "Mountaineers."] The strange man did not applaud, but his looks told me he was pleased. After the play I went to my dressing-room to change my dress for the savage (a pantomime character) so that I could hear every word that was said overhead. I heard the gentleman ask Lee, the manager, the name of the performer who played Octavian. "Oh," replied Lee, "his name is Kean; a wonderful clever fellow." "He is certainly very clever, but he is very

small," said the gentleman. "His mind is large, no matter for his height," answered Lee. By this time I was dressed; I therefore mounted to the stage. The gentleman bowed to me and complimented me slightly upon my playing. "Well," he said, "will you breakfast with me to-morrow? I shall be glad to have some conversation with you. My name is Arnold; I AM THE MANAGER OF DRURY LANE THEATRE." I staggered as if I had been shot.

As soon as the performance was over and he could tear off his dress, he rushed home. Agitation would scarcely allow him to speak. "My fortune's made, my fortune's made," he gasped at last. Then he told the good news. But as he finished, his eyes fell upon his poor sickly first-born, then very ill. "Let but Howard live, and we shall be happy yet," he exclaimed hopefully. Alas, the proceeds of his benefit in that very town had to be devoted to the poor boy's burial.

The result of the appointment with Arnold was a three-years' engagement at Drury Lane, at eight, nine, and ten pounds per week. A few days afterwards Howard died. "The joy I felt," he wrote to Arnold, "three days since at the flattering prospects of future prosperity is now obliterated by the unexpected loss of my child."

At last, on the sixth of November, he contrived to get to town. His salary was to commence at once, but when he went to the treasury he encountered a sudden and unexpected rebuff. Elliston had put in his prior claim, and Arnold very angrily asserted that he had engaged himself under false pretences. Kean wrote a letter detailing every point of his transactions with the manager of the Wych Street theatre, in which he endeavored to show that that gentleman had justly forfeited all claim to his services, by having been the first to violate the terms of agreement. We have not space to enter into the merits of the transaction; Elliston had evidently acted very shiftily towards the poor, unknown actor, taking advantage of his position, and Kean, upon the prospect of the better engagement opening to him, had done everything in his power to break the agreement. It may be said that neither party acted in strict honor. The new year came, and more than one actor had made his *début* at Drury Lane and failed. The fortunes of the theatre were in a desperate condition, the expenses far exceeding the receipts, and inevitable bankruptcy was looming in the no distant future. At length the dispute between Elliston and Kean was adjusted by an

actor named Bernard being handed over to the former as a substitute, the extra amount of his salary, two pounds a week, being deducted from Kean's. From the end of November to the end of the following January, Kean existed, heaven alone knows how, for the management of Drury Lane refused to pay him a shilling. All that he had ever suffered could not have equalled the misery of those two months of oscillation between hope and despair amidst hunger and wretchedness. Arnold now, as a *pis aller*, made up his mind to give him a trial. But the troubles were not yet over. Now rose a dispute as to the opening part; Arnold wanted Richard, but Kean knew the disadvantage his small figure would be at, when compared with the majestic Kemble, and answered, "Shylock or nothing." * There was marvellous resoluteness in this determination, considering all he had passed through, which was sufficient to crush the strongest spirit. But it succeeded, and the twenty-sixth of January, 1814, was decided for his appearance. One rehearsal only was vouchsafed him, and that was hurried and careless. The actors sneered at his figure, at his shabby coat with the capes, at his business, declared it would not do, and prophesied certain failure. He went home; "I must dine to-day," he said, and for the first time for many days indulged in the luxury of meat. Then all that he had to do was to wait as patiently as he could for the night. "My God!" he exclaimed, "if I succeed I shall go mad!" Terrible prophecy. Volumes could not better describe the agitation of his mind.

As the church clocks were striking six he sallied forth from his lodgings in Cecil Street. His parting words to his wife were, "I wish I was going to be shot!" In his hand he carried a small bundle, containing shoes, stockings, wig, and other trifles of costume. The night was very cold and foggy; there had been heavy snow, and a thaw had set in; the streets were almost impassable, with slush which penetrated through his worn boots and chilled him to the bone. He darted quickly through the stage door, wishing to escape all notice, and repaired to his dressing-room. There the feelings of the actors were shocked by another innovation; he was actually going to play Shylock in a

black wig instead of the traditional red one. They smiled among themselves, shrugged their shoulders, but made no remark; such a man was beyond remonstrance — besides, what did it matter? he would never be allowed to appear a second time. Jack Bannister and Oxberry were the only ones who offered him a friendly word. When the curtain rose the house was miserably bad, but by-and-by the overflow of Covent Garden, which was doing well at that time, began to drop in and make up a tolerable audience. His reception was encouraging. At his first words, "Three thousand ducats, well!" Dr. Drury, who was in front, pronounced him "safe." At "I will be assured I may," there was a burst of applause, and at the great speech ending with "And for these courtesies I'll lend you this much monies," the sounds of approbation were very strong. Even as the curtain fell upon the first act success was almost ensured, and already the actors who had treated him so superciliously began to gather round with congratulations. But he shrank from them, and wandered about in the darkness at the back of the stage. The promise of the first act was well sustained in the second. But the great triumph was reserved for his scene with Salanio and Salarino in the third, where the flight of his daughter Jessica with a Christian is told him; there so terrible was his energy, so magnificent his acting, that a whirlwind of applause shook the house. Then came the trial scene, grander still in its complex emotions and its larger scope for great powers, and all was so novel, so strange, so opposed to old traditions. When the curtain finally fell upon the wild enthusiasm of the audience, the stage-manager who had snubbed him offered him oranges, Arnold, who had bullied and "young man'd" him brought him negus.

Drunk with delight he rushed home and with half frenzied incoherency poured forth the story of his triumph. "The pit rose at me!" he cried. "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage yet!" "Charles," lifting the child from his bed, "shall go to Eton." Then his voice faltered, and he murmured, "If Howard had but lived to see it."

"The Merchant of Venice" was played several nights in succession, and the receipts rose from one hundred to six hundred. His next part was Richard — the second part is always the touchstone of an actor's success; he here entered the lists with Cooke and Kemble, and memories of Garrick's splendid performance had not

* His desire, however, when he first came to town had been to open in Knowles' play of "Leo the Gipsy," which has been mentioned a page or two back. And he certainly would have used every effort to have done so, but, fortunately for him, the MS. was lost and no copy was extant.

yet died out among old playgoers. In Shylock his small stature mattered little, but in Richard that disadvantage would be glaringly perceptible; he approached the part with fear and trembling. "I am so frightened," he said before the curtain rose, "that my acting will be almost dumb show to-night." But nevertheless he took both audience and critics by storm. Cooke, the great Richard of the day, was said to be left behind at an immeasurable distance; no such performance had been seen since the days of Garrick. Electricity itself was never more instantaneous in its operation. Such were a few of the eulogies showered upon him. But the terrible excitement he had undergone laid him up for a week. Actors now boast of playing this arduous part nearly a hundred successive nights; as *they* play it there is nothing wonderful in the feat, and then they have no inconvenient modesty to exhaust their energies. On the day of the second performance of this character, the doors were besieged soon after noon, and at night hundreds were unable to gain admission. He made Ciber's melodramatic hero his own, but it died with him, for the wretched attempts of his successors cannot galvanise that desecration of Shakespeare into life again. The beauties of this performance are said to have been so marvellous that a glance, the pronouncing of such common phrases as "Gown-night, my lords," brought down thunders of applause. His next character was Hamlet, which although full of fine points, and the one, he said, to which he had devoted the deepest study, did not equal his previous successes. Othello and Iago, played alternately, were his next triumphs.

In the tender scene of Othello [says Dr. Doran] (where love for Desdemona was above all other passion, even when for love he jealously slew her), he had as much power over his "bad voice," as his adversaries called it, as John Kemble over his asthmatic cough, and attuned it to the tenderness to which he had to give expression. In the fiercer scenes he was unsurpassable, and in the great third act, none who remember him, will, I think, be prepared to allow that he ever had, or is likely to have, an equal.

His Iago was quite original; he entirely discarded the old conventional villain of the stage, and played him lightly and naturally.

When the season closed he had performed Shylock fifteen times, Richard twenty-five, Hamlet eight, Othello ten, Iago eight, and Luke ("Riches," Massin-

ger's "City Madam" altered) four. Of those seventy nights the profits were £17,000. Previously there had been one hundred and thirty-nine nights of continuous loss. In the second season he played "Macbeth," another grand performance; Romeo, which was said to revive the glories of "silver-tongued Barry." But the triumph of this season was Zanga, in Young's "Revenge." As one, who stood among the crowd in the pit-passage, heard a shout and clamor of approbation within, he asked if Zanga had just previously said, "Then lose her!" for that phrase, when uttered by Kean in the country, used to make the walls shake; and he was answered that it was so. Southey and a friend went to see him in this play. When Zanga, having consummated his vengeance and uttered the words, "Know then, 'twas I!" raised his arms over the fainting Alonzo, his attitude, the expression of his features were so terrible, so appalling, that Southey exclaimed, "He looks like Michael Angelo's rebellious archangel!" — "He looks like the arch-fiend himself," said the other.

But among all his new personations, Sir Giles Overreach [says Doran, whose opinion, as one who has seen Kean act, is invaluable] stands pre-eminent for its perfectness from the first words, "Still cloistered up," to the last convulsive breath drawn by him in that famous *one* scene of the fifth act, in which, through his terrible intensiv, he once made so experienced an actress as Mrs. Glover faint away, not at all out of flattery, but from emotion. . . . In this last character all the qualities of Kean's voice came out to wonderful purpose, especially in the scene where Lovel asks him: —

Are you not moved with the sad imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices!

To which Sir Giles replies: —

Yes! as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightness.

I seem still to hear the words and the voice as I pen this passage; now composed, now grand as the foamy billows; so flute-like on the word "moon," creating a scene with the sound, and anon sharp, harsh, fierce in the last line, with a look upward from those matchless eyes, that rendered the troop visible, and their howl perceptible to the ear; the whole serenity of the man, and the solidity of his temper, being less illustrated by the assurance in the succeeding words than by the exquisite music in the tone with which he uttered the word "brightness."

Maturin's "Bertram," a gloomy but powerful play, and Sir Edward Mortimer, in

"The Iron Chest," may be added to his list of great triumphs.

He was now the lion of the day; all the greatest men of the time, poets, statesmen, nobles, crowded his dressing-room and invited him to be their guest. Lord Byron sent him presents and invited him to dinner. At the close of the Drury Lane season he went "starring" into the country. At Edinburgh he was paid one hundred guineas a night for six nights. Fortune poured down upon him her Danae showers, and we have pictures of young Charles playing with heaps of guineas, and bank-notes littering the room.

In succeeding seasons he appeared in many new parts, but made only one great success, *King Lear*. In 1820 he paid his first visit to America. Upon his return he appeared in a great variety of characters, tragic and comic, far too many for his fame, which began to be injured by such injudicious displays of versatility.

It is sad to turn from these records of splendid genius to those of the actor's private life. Success did drive him mad, for only a madman could have so trampled upon the glorious gifts of fortune as he did; dissipation, in its worst form, frequently too obvious to the eyes of the audience, marring his acting, and degrading him as a man, and a preference for low company, were rapidly preparing his downfall. He would quit the society of Lord Byron for that of pugilists! But probably this was more a manifestation of intense pride and sensitiveness than the result of preference. He was painfully conscious of the defects of his education* and of his ignorance of the manners of good society; to commit a solecism in good breeding was exquisite pain to him; thus the apprehension of doing so kept him in a state of extreme discomfort. Among his companions of the tavern he had no such fears, and was, besides, what he liked to be — a king. At length occurred that terrible scandal (in connection with the wife of a certain alderman) which blighted his whole future life and wrecked his home happiness forever; the audience, that once hung so breathlessly upon his lips and hailed him with such shouts of acclamation, now howled and hissed and almost drove him from the stage. Dauntless as ever, he

* During his strolling days he bought a Latin dictionary and learned a number of words and phrases by heart, which he was very fond of quoting on every possible occasion, sometimes correctly, sometimes incorrectly. It was probably this love for and use of quotations which first gave rise to the assertion, repeated by some of his biographers, that he had been educated at Eton.

gave them scorn for scorn, insult for insult, as daringly as ever he did the poor yokels who offended him in his strolling days. But such a contest could not but terminate in his own discomfiture; his friends and patrons fell from him, his wife and child left him, the latter taking to the stage to support his mother. This last was perhaps the heaviest blow of all to Kean, who was bitterly opposed to Charles becoming an actor, and there was estrangement for years between father and son. They were reconciled only when the former was upon the brink of the grave. Deserted by friends and fortune, England was no longer a home for him, and so he paid a second visit to America.

I shall not soon forget [to again quote the doctor] that January night of 1827, on which he reappeared at Drury Lane in *Shylock*. A rush so fearful, an audience so packed, and a reconciliation so complete, acting so faultless, and a dramatic enjoyment so exquisite, I never experienced. Nothing was heeded, indeed, the scenes were passed over until *Shylock* was to appear; and I have heard no such shout since as that which greeted him. Fire, strength, beauty, every quality of the actor seemed to have acquired fresh life. It was all deceptive, however. The actor was all but extinguished after this convulsive, but seemingly natural effect. He lay in bed at the *Hummum's* hotel all day, amusing himself melancholily with his Indian gewgaws, and trying to find a healthy tonic in cognac.

Grattan's description of his appearance soon afterwards in his play of "*Ben Nazir*," is a dark picture of failing powers. After describing his entrance, his splendid dress, and the thunders of applause that greeted him, he goes on to say: —

He spoke, but what a speech! The one I wrote consisted of eight or nine lines; *his* was of two or three sentences, but not six consecutive words of the text. His look, his manner, his tone, were to me quite appalling; to any other observer they must have been incomprehensible. He stood fixed, drawled out his incoherent words, and gave the notion of a man who had been half hanged and then dragged through a horse-pond. . . . Kean went through it like a man in the last stage of exhaustion and decay. The act closed, a dead silence followed the fall of the curtain.

Yet still at times transient gleams of his old powers would burst forth with all the old electric fire, and audiences still crushed to suffocation to see him.

To those [says Doran] who saw him from the front, there was not a trace of weakening power in him. But oh, ye few who stood between the wings, where a chair was placed for

him, do you not remember the saddening spectacle of that wrecked genius? a man in his very prime, with not merely the attributes of age about him, but with some of the infirmities of it, which are wont to try the heart of love itself. Have you forgotten that helpless, speechless, fainting mass bent up in that chair; or the very unsavory odor of the very brown, very hot, and very strong brandy and water, which alone kept alive the once noble Moor? Aye, and still noble Moor; for when his time came, he looked about as from a dream, and sighed, and painfully got to his feet, swayed like a column, an earthquake, and in not more time than is required in telling it, was before the audience, as strong and as intellectually beautiful as of old; but only happy in the applause which gave him a little breathing space, and saved him from falling dead upon the stage.

Still for another year or two he went on acting, trying to create new parts, but memory and power failing him, and all the beauty of his face gone, although he was scarcely forty years of age.

On the 25th of March, 1833, came the end. That night was to celebrate the reconciliation between the father and son, and for the first and the last time they were to appear on the stage together, Charles playing Iago to his father's Othello. The event created a great excitement among playgoers; the house was crammed. Kean went through the part, "dying as he went," until he came to the "farewell," and the strangely appropriate words, "Othello's occupation's gone." Then he gasped for breath, and fell upon his son's shoulder, moaning, "I am dying—speak to them for me!" And so the curtain descended upon him—forever. He was conveyed to Richmond. "Come home to me; forget and forgive!" he wrote to his wife. And she came. An hour before he died, he sprang out of bed, exclaiming, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" and he expired with the dying words of Octavian, "Farewell Flo—Floranthe!" on his lips. This was the 15th of May, 1833. He was buried in Richmond churchyard.

There is nothing in the theatrical annals of the whole world so romantic and pathetic as the life of this man. His sins were manifold, but his expiation was heavy. We have dwelt in this paper more particularly upon the events of his early life, in order to soften harsh judgments upon his errors.

Over the grave of one of the greatest of actors [says Doran nobly] something may be said in extenuation of his faults. Such curse as there can be in a mother's indifference hung

about him before his birth. A young Huron, of whose tribe he subsequently became a member, could not have lived a more savage, but certainly enjoyed a more comfortable and better-tended, boyhood. Edmund Kean, from the very time of boyhood, had genius, industry, and ambition, but, with companionship enough to extinguish the first, lack of reward to dull the second, and repeated visitations of disappointment that might have warranted the exchange of high hopes for brutal despair, he nourished his genius, maintained his industry, and kept an undying ambition, under circumstances when to do so was a part of heroism. . . . Kean was trained upon blows and curses, and starvation, and the charity of strangers. It was enough to make all his temper convert to fury, and any idea of such a young, unnurtured savage ever becoming the inheritor of the mantle worn by the great actors of old, would have seemed a madness even to that mother who soon followed him in death, Nancy Carey. But Edmund Kean cherished the idea warm in his bosom, never ceased to qualify himself for the attempt, studied for it while he starved, and when about to make it, felt and said that success would drive him mad. I believe it did, but whether or not I can part from the great actor of my young days only with a tender respect. I do not forget the many hours of bright intellectual enjoyment for which I, in common with thousands, was indebted to him, and, in the contemplation of this actor's incomparable genius, I desire to forget the errors of the man.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

OUR DOG DI.

DI was born in Cheshire, far away from Berkshire, where we live. This was how she came to us. "Do you like dogs?" said a man next to us at breakfast. "Yes! if they are big and don't bite." "This one is big and doesn't bite," he answered, and so Di was sent to us in a hamper. When the hamper was opened, Di put out her head, and such a grand one, much more like the head of a lioness than of a dog, and much better, for you had only to look at her to see that she would be playful and gentle. Well! we got her out of the hamper, and the first thing she did, wagging her tail all the while, was to run under a table in the housekeeper's room, and to upset it with a heap of crockery. It made us all laugh to see Di, as she stood on her four legs under the table, lifting it up so that its four legs were off the ground. On the spot we made her over by free gift to our daughter. If you ask what kind of dog she is, she is a smooth St. Bernard, pure breed both on

the side of sire and dam, who have taken prizes at ever so many dog-shows. We have never shown Di—we are too fond of her to hand her over to such sorrow—but if we did we are quite sure she would win the first prize. She is of a rich fawn-color, with such soft, silky ears, and such a tail, thick at the root and tapering away to the tip, which is of a ruddy chestnut brown. When she came to us she was six months old, now she is two and a half years old. Alas! that the life of man should be so long and that of dogs so short!

We had hard work to bring her from Cheshire to town, and from town to Berkshire. If there is anything that Di hates it is railway travelling, and we are inclined to think that into her body has passed the soul of one of those sturdy old people, now nearly extinct, who never would and never will step into a railway carriage, and still post up to town in the good old way. "Will you have her put into the dog-box, Miss?" asked the porter at the first station to which Di was brought. "No," said the resolute lady; "and besides, she is too big." So as there was a very crusty old gentleman in our carriage, who held up his feet as soon as he saw Di, we handed her over to the guard who took her in his van as far as Crewe. There we had to change trains, and then the scene between Di and the railway authorities became very exciting. As soon as the door of the van was opened, out rushed Di and careered wildly along the platform, to the dismay of sober passengers and porters, and looking for all the world like a wild beast. Thus early in her story let us confess that she has one fault. Di is very greedy, and often should we have sat in the stocks for puddings that she has stolen, if there were stocks still in England. Her behavior at Crewe brought out this feature in her character in a strong light. Though in terror at the rail, her eyes and nose discovered the refreshment-room. At one bound she cleared the counter, scattered the young ladies, who fled tearing their false hair, and then seizing a plate of sandwiches, made very short work of them in spite of the mustard. As soon as we could we came forward, soothed the young ladies, paid the damage, and collaring Di, coaxed the guard to take her into his van to town, in consideration of half-a-crown, or we are not sure five shillings, besides her ticket, seeing she was so big. We got her home from Euston Square to Chesters Place pretty well, and nothing happened except that some little boys pointing to Di as she looked out of

the brougham window, cried out, "There goes another lion to the Sological Gardings."

All this time we, that is I and my daughter, to whom, as I have said, Di had been made over in free gift, were in sore dread and fear. I am sure by the time we reached Chesters Place that we were quite as afraid as Di had been at Crewe station. If Di's first visit to the train had been so terrible, what would my wife think of Di's first visit to Chesters Place? You must know that the lady in question hates dogs as the ancient Egyptians hated shepherds. We had been away some time, and there my wife stood in the hall, waiting to welcome husband and daughter safe back to London; when out Di sprang from the carriage, and rushing into the hall stood up on her hind legs and put both her front paws on my wife's chest. I draw a veil over the family scene. Some events are best known in their results, and in this case the result was that Di was only admitted into Chesters Place on the word of a husband and a man of honor that she should leave London for Berkshire the very next morning. If the dogs had a *Court Circular*, or journal of their own—as why should they not, seeing they are so much better bred as a rule than some of the human beings whose movements are chronicled in our fashionable papers—all dogs of high degree, pugs, pointers, collies, and retrievers, might have seen in their *Morning Post*, "The Lady Diana St. Bernard has left her mansion in Chesters Place for the family seat in Berkshire, where it is her ladyship's intention to spend the winter."

Though she was so gentle she looked so strong and fierce that all our servants were afraid of her—all but one, a footman, who was commonly believed to fear neither dog nor devil. He threw himself into the breach, and nobly offered to take Di next morning into Berkshire. Meantime Di had got very fond of her young mistress, and was loath to leave her; but for all that she had to go, in spite of her tail-waggings and coaxing. Into a cab she was thrust, and she and John rattled away to Waterloo. In the evening John returned, having fulfilled his mission, but like some diplomatists we could name, but not all, he was so very reserved as to what had befallen him, that my wife's maid, who had a great spite against him for not carrying coals up-stairs to the attics or some other good reason, was quite sure John had made away with Di to a dog-stealer, and that Miss Frances would

never see her dog again. It turned out on inquiry that John was so silent because he found it so troublesome to get Di down to Berkshire. She had objected and protested against everything, so that her journey to Forest Edge, for that is the name of our house, had been one incessant struggle. There he had handed her over to Mr. Pennywink, our bailiff, who, among his other good qualities, reckons that of a great love of animals.

To him then Di was confided, and with him she spent the winter, I only seeing her occasionally. To say that she increased in stature and in favor with man would not be quite true. Bigger and bigger she grew, so that she could not get under Pennywink's table to upset it; but as to favor with man, that is to say with mankind in general, if we said so we should be telling stories, which we always try not to do. During that winter, what Mr. Pennywink called "a mansion" was being erected at Forest Edge, so called because it is just on the very edge of Swinley Forest, with its huge oaks and beeches; a forest in the recesses of which the badger still lurks, polecats are not uncommon, stoats and weazels are numerous, hawks and jays and even carrion-crows are constantly to be seen; and all this in spite of the crown keepers, who, like other keepers, shoot down every bird above the size of a blackbird, lest it should eat the eggs or the young of those sacred birds the partridge or the pheasant. But let us return from Swinley to Forest Edge and Di. Building was going on, and masons, bricklayers, and joiners abounded. Many people seem to think that the British workman, like a woodcock, lives by suction. It is a fiction we know even of the woodcock, but still more a fiction is it with the workman. He drinks much and he eats much, and so he makes both ends meet. We are afraid to say how often the "sons of toil," as it is the fashion also to call them, on seeking the bundle containing their dinners, were unpleasantly surprised to find that it had been rifled by Di, into whose capacious maw whole loaves of bread and pounds of beef and bacon disappeared as if by magic. She had a habit too, which added insult to injury, of hanging up the handkerchief which had held the food, on the bush under which it had been hidden, and thus erecting a trophy, as it were, to her appetite. Strange to say, Di seemed to think that the good British workman had placed these good things in her way on purpose, and used at first to sidle up to the dinner-

less artisans, wagging her magnificent tail and smiling visibly, as much as to say, "How good of you to find me so nice a dinner!" This of course was much to her credit, and showed a severe Olympian way of treating human beings, just as Jupiter in "*Orphée aux Enfers*" declared, "Forgiving! I have always been forgiving. I never did any one an injury that I was not the first to forget it." We are sorry to say that though Di behaved in this fine old heathen way, the British workman was not nearly so forgiving. He at least showed no Christianity towards Di. Instead of finding her fresh dinners, he had the meanness to hang his food up on trees and rails and posts where Di could not reach it, and besides, he kicked her and pelted her with stones, and laid eggshells full of pepper and mustard in her way, much to Di's disgust, who when reflecting on these injuries used to say to herself, "Why, when Mr. Pennywink and Mrs. Pennywink and all the little Pennywinks treat me so kindly, do these dusty-coated, flannel-wearing men behave so cruelly to me, who never ate anything of theirs that I did not fawn on them and thank them for it?" At last, finding with all her good-will that she could neither soften the hearts nor the hands of these men, she took a last long meal and leave of them at once. One fine spring day she found under the stairs of the "mansion" three pounds of bacon and four pounds of butter, stowed away for the men's tea and supper; these she dragged out with great glee, and made an end of all but half a pound of butter, when she was caught red-handed, or as we might render it "butter-whiskered," and pelted down from the mansion to Pennywink's house, whither the whole band of workmen chased her, and swore by all their oaths that if Pennywink did not tie her up then and there they would have her life.

That was the first time that Di was thrown into bonds for her greediness, and I wish I could add that it proved a warning to her. Far from it. When the mansion was built, and the British workmen and especially the masons had shaken the dust off their clothes and departed to the great joy of every one, and Di was released from bonds, lo! she came out a worse thief than ever. From her case I have been led to moralize on men thieves, and to feel sure that with boys as with dogs it only makes them worse to imprison them. In the case of boys we well know it is the older boys and the men thieves that make young offenders worse,

and so it was, I was at last convinced, with Di. How could it happen that so young a dog and so well-bred a dog was not only not reformed but even made worse in her evil ways? I am sure this is how it was. Not far off Di's kennel was another within an easy bark, in which time out of mind, except when he was taken out for a run for the good of his health, was chained our old watch-dog, a lurcher, named Boxer. He was a faithful dog in his way, and I ought not to speak ill of him, for he has barked his last on earth, having overeaten himself one fine day, and is no doubt now running hares in company with old poachers in those happy hunting grounds which we are sorry to see General Dodge believes to be all a missionary fiction. But of Boxer I must say that he was a low dog and an underbred dog, who before Di came, had been known to break loose and worry chickens, suck eggs, snap up young rabbits, scare pheasants and partridges from their nests — and in short commit such acts of atrocity as would have made every crown keeper shoot him on the spot if they could have got hold or sight of him; only they could not, for Boxer though a very wicked was a very cunning dog.

Well! close to this criminal Di was chained, and he soon began to poison her young mind, for as for those dinner-stealings I look on them as mere freaks of graceful folly. And now let the reader answer a plain question. Does he believe in the language of dogs? If he says he does not we shall at once class him with those wretched soulless beings who never dream, who think that there is no difference between prose and verse, and cannot for the life of them conceive why poets should be permitted by an all-wise Providence to live; so unless he is prepared to believe in the language of dogs he had better hold his tongue and say nothing and listen to what I have to say. Often when Di was chained up close to Boxer the old sinner would say, "Di, do you know what eggs are?" and Di said, "No, Boxer," he would go on, "Hens and turkeys lay eggs for dogs to suck; I only let Mrs. Pennywink have one now and then as a treat. Promise me that you will suck eggs when you grow up, Di." "Yes, I will, Boxer," said Di. So again of young chicken, when he saw our old sow Bess snap off the head of a chick which had rashly risked its life in her sty, Boxer would cry, "Bravo, Bess. That's the way to treat chicken, Di. Mind you always snap their heads off when you are loose and hungry."

Then, too, he would tell her stories of the rabbits and hares that he had chased and eaten in his young days, when he followed at the heel of the most arrant poacher on all Bagshot Heath. How nice young leverets were and young rabbits, and how sweet it was to roam over the heath as far as the "Golden Farmer" beyond Bagshot — which some idiots now call the "Jolly Farmer" — or past Caesar's Camp to Easthampstead Flats. "They talk of pleasure," said Boxer, "and I don't say that a new-laid egg or a fresh pat of butter when you have stolen it is not very nice, but for my money give me the rabbit which you have run to his burrow and then dug out with your own paws. Mind, Di, there is nothing so sweet in life as to work for your living."

It is not to be believed that talk like this would not tell on the mind of a young innocent dog. As I have said, Boxer was soon afterwards cut off by an indigestion caused by bolting a hare-skin whole. He died and was buried, but the harm he worked lived after him. When Di was let loose, and we came to live in the mansion, we found Di so finished a thief that in France she might have had a surname given her and been called Diana Macaire. This grieves us of course, but we must take dogs, like men, as we find them — whoever thought the worse of Charles Lamb for his drunkenness? — and so though we are not partakers with men thieves, we would far sooner have Di with us as a dog thief than have instead of her the best-behaved and most moral dog in the world. So far then as Di is concerned, as she cannot be cured, we think she is quite above the eighth and tenth commandments, that they have slipped out and ought to slip out of her Book of Common Prayer. Then, too, there is so much fun in her thefts — we set aside her faults for hunger's sake, she felt the approach of famine and so she stole — but she would make away with other things just by way of a joke out of a mere sense of humor, as when she carried off Mrs. Pennywink's Sunday cap with cherry-colored ribbons, and after trying it on her own head and not thinking it becoming, hung it upon a birch-tree in the plantations where it was not found for many days; or when she laid her teeth on Pennywink's best boots and ran off with them over the heath and hid them in a rabbit burrow, where they were found a year after when we were ferreting rabbits, much the worse, not for wear but for weather and the gnawing of many bunnies who no doubt thought they were thus

venting their wrath on Pennywink, the sworn foe of all the rabbits who range over Bagshot Heath.

While we are confessing Di's faults let us add that she is as great a coward as she is a thief. I am sure the soul of a mouse crept down her throat as soon as she was born, and has stayed there ever since, having, perhaps — for who can tell? — gnawed her own noble lion soul to pieces. But this is also a small matter, for Di looks so like a lioness that the mere sight of her as she stands at gaze slowly waving — for it is not wagging — her tail is enough to strike terror into the beholder. As a watch-dog, therefore, she is as good as any mastiff or bloodhound; with the great advantage that, while she scares away tramps and trespassers, she does not, like those other dogs, every now and then tear one of the family to pieces, as we observe befell an unhappy man at Farnborough the other day. We at the mansion know that Di is the greatest coward in creation, but strangers think she is very savage, and so Di is as great a safeguard to us as a whole pack of bulldogs. But this fear which strangers have of her is sometimes amusing, as when we asked the neighboring stationmaster to come up and take a look round Forest Edge, and he came one Sunday, but only to shut himself up in the walled stable-yard, where he remained the whole day, for he would not, he said, "stir out of the yard to be worried by that big bloodhound." So Di, the thief and the coward, roams about the plantations and keeps off trespassers, while she keeps down the rabbits, much to Pennywink's delight, who, but for her, would never grow a "wizzel," — so he calls mangold — or a swede. Silly man! as he beholds the ravages of the crown rabbits on our crops, he launches out into vain theories on the laws of property and game and vermin. "Them as breeds the rabbits," he says, "ought to be bound to wire their land all round, and then they might keep their own rabbits for themselves and their crops," a suggestion which we earnestly commend to the notice of Mr. P. A. Taylor, and the other agitators against the existing game-laws.

"Why are we so tormented with rats?" once said Lord Macaulay. "Because they are so small and we so big. Suppose twenty thousand mammoths were suddenly thrown on our shores, we should at once recognize the fact as a national calamity; we should call out the yeomanry and pursue them, send down regiments of the line and artillery, and exterminate them, and in a week there would not be a mammoth left

alive; but as to rats we are powerless; for all our ferreting, and poison, and traps, they continue to increase, till they threaten to eat us out of house and home; the reason being that their size enables them for the most part to elude our attacks." Under such gloomy forebodings of the historian, it is a comfort to think that Di is good against rats. "Everything in creation has a purpose, Hodge," I said to our old laborer, who, man and boy, had worked about Ascot for nearly seventy years. "Has they?" replied Hodge. "Then I should be glad to know why rats was created?" It was in vain to tell the old man that they were nature's scavengers; he stuck to his creed, and could not for the life of him believe in the use of rats. Nor as a matter of practice do we believe in their use. Rats are interesting, cunning, and very affectionate to their offspring, but as to use, you should hear Pennywink lamenting the loss of chicken, and turkey poults, and whole broods of ducklings carried off in a single night by these pests! When we have borne these inroads a little while we proclaim a hunt, send over to a neighbor for his ferrets, set to work with spades, and dig up the enemies' nests and runs, and so slay numbers of them. On these occasions Di is invaluable; she seizes the rats young and old, as they bolt from their holes and, however much they may bite, never fails to kill them. So eager is she that I am sorry to say that once, when an unhappy brown ferret showed his nose at a hole Di was down on him in the twinkling of an eye, and before one could say "Jack Robinson," our best ally against the rats was dead. The owner of that ferret is a hard man, more than suspected of beating both wife and child, but the hardest of hearts has its soft corner, and his heart so melted at the untimely death of his darling ferret, that tears trickled down his cheeks.

I wish that I could say that Di's exploits against the rats ends with their death. She evidently thinks that all is flesh that falls into her jaws, and like a New Zealander or a New Caledonian, having slain her enemy, she eats him; and not only him, but she ate the body of that ferret also. And let no one say that she eats rats because she is half starved. Nothing of the kind. The dog-biscuits that she eats, and the greaves and the toppings and boiled potatoes are beyond belief. She has been even known to go down to the sheepfold and steal the lambs' oilcake. Though so gay and joyful and frolicsome, and professing in every

act such deep love for the family, she has one purpose in life, and that is to make her way into the larder, and though that stronghold of food is usually kept locked, on two occasions at least Di has been known to break into it and rifle its stores. In the way of making her way into yards she is almost human, using her right forepaw very much like a man's hand, but as she has not yet reached the art of unlocking a door, we are sure that on those two occasions the larder must have been unlocked.

One of these robberies—they were both of rounds of beef—was followed by such consequences to Di that I am tempted to add them to Di's story. I was sitting in my library, reading the "Fathers of the Church," when I heard a hue and cry, and soon after our cook came in with a rueful face, and "Please, sir, Di has stolen the beef for to-morrow's dinner"—to-morrow being Sunday, and the weight of the beef fifteen pounds. Now the mansion at Forest Edge is not so poor in resources that the loss even of that quantity of beef would have been coupled with starvation. Proud in this feeling, and wishing, I must own, to screen Di, I said, "Get something else," and dismissed the cook, who had a reckoning on Monday morning with her mistress. But it is not of that but of Di that I am writing. Not caring to go on with the "Fathers of the Church," and curious to see what Di would do with the beef, I went out to look for her, and found her stretched out in the sun, as sleek and round as a New Caledonian chief who has eaten his third wife. There was no sign of the beef except in Di's person, and it turned out afterwards, that having eaten half of it there and then she had buried the rest, which she was seen to dig up and devour some days after. Of course I should not enter into these details unless I had something else to tell. Di's general health is of the rudest kind, but a few days after she had eaten the last of that beef she was seen to be ailing. She could scarcely drag one leg after the other, and had hardly the heart to wag her tail. As there were reapers about the place, a race of men who tie their food up in cloths and leave them under trees, I made up my mind that Di had been at her old tricks, had stolen the men's dinners and been kicked for it, as is the fashion of laborers to their wives and dogs. This belief was strengthened by a lump on Di's right side, from which we thought that one of her ribs was

broken. So she limped and crawled about for some days, till one morning that very cook from whose larder the beef had been stolen, and who for all that was very fond of Di, when patting and stroking her pricked her finger.

"Why, what's this sticking out of Di's side?" she said to Pennywink.

So Pennywink felt Di's side, and then they saw that out of it stood the point of an iron skewer. The said Pennywink is a man more of action than of words. He seized the point of the skewer, and by main force pulled it out of Di's side; a bit of surgery which must have been no easy job, as the skewer was eight inches long and had one end twisted round in a circle; just one of those horrible inventions of the enemy in short which butchers put into rounds of beef for the express purpose of tormenting fathers of families who have to carve for their children, an act which we sometimes think will hinder a merciful Providence from allowing any butcher to enter the gates of paradise.

And so the secret of Di's illness was out. She had bolted that iron skewer when she devoured the beef, and it having somehow got crosswise into her chest, came out just at her last short rib on the right side. She evidently suffered great pain while it was inside her, but it speaks worlds for the ease with which animals throw off lesions which few men could undergo without death, that in the afternoon of the day on which the skewer was dragged out Di was frisking about in her usual health and chasing rabbits in the wildest way over the woods and heath. The wound healed up at once, and all that remains of it now is a very slight scar on Di's side which you have to hunt for before you can find it.

"Why don't you send that story to the *Field*?" asked an old friend; "perhaps they will believe it." But as he plainly did not believe it, and as several others to whom we told the story turned out to be doubting Thomases, the end was that it was not sent to the *Field*, and so now it is sent to more believing people. There are many more things which we could tell of Di, but it would take a whole number to contain them, and I therefore forbear; declaring, in conclusion, that there never was such a perfect dog character as Di, and expressing my fervent hope that she may not meet an untimely end at the hand of that base band of poisoners who have already laid so many noble dogs low.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY was born at Holne, in Devonshire, on June 12, 1819; and he died at Eversley on January 23, 1875, having lived seven months more than fifty-five years. An eager, anxious, hard-working, yet on the whole very happy life was contained in that period. He was preacher, parish priest, politician, poet, novelist, historian, inspired teller of stories to the children: enthusiastic naturalist, architect and artist without building or painting. He was brave, impulsive, just, truthful, humorous, affectionate, beloved. He made his name known wherever the English language is read. He had his vehement traducers, most of whom knew nothing of him but from his writings: all who knew him and understood him were his loving friends. He had to *drie his weird* through years of suspicion, misrepresentation, and obloquy, for which he was himself in part responsible. Then came the bright time of success, professional eminence, and fame. And amid all these he died.

Though his life was one of little outward event, his inner history was remarkable: and his biography deserved to be written. It has been written, modestly and simply, by that noble and (let it be said) almost angelic woman to whom he was ever forward to say he owed all the good he had done in his life, and the happiness he had known. It need not be said that the story is told with perfect taste and with deep feeling.

No doubt Mrs. Kingsley knew how great and good a man her husband was: but there is no exaggeration of the real goodness, ability, and varied usefulness of the man. It is not the mark he may have left on his generation that she dwells on most fondly; but rather the diligence of the parish priest who brought new moral life into his parish, ministering day and night to the humblest; and the help he was enabled to render to many unknown friends in divers countries of the world, who had taken courage to write and ask the counsel of a stranger whose pages had brought light and strength to their perplexed and weary souls. Several of Kingsley's earlier works were first published in this magazine: and eighteen or twenty years ago there were those who looked for the letters C. K. appended to charming essays, and occasional little poems, which

appeared in these pages. He had no dearer friend than John Parker, who then conducted *Fraser*, and whose heart was in his magazine and his friends who wrote in it. It was under John Parker's roof that the writer first met Kingsley, and speedily learned to feel towards him as all who knew him felt: it was in John Parker's company that the writer first visited Eversley rectory, and saw what like Kingsley was in his beautiful and happy home. Some tribute to Kingsley is becoming here: and it may be rendered by one who though not of the inner circle of his special intimacy is yet proud to have been his friend, and knew enough of him to admire and love him.

For nine years, the portrait of Kingsley, close to that of John Parker, has looked down from the wall of the room in which I write. It is a great photograph, taken while he was on a visit to the house by an amateur of extraordinary ability. It is the best and most lifelike portrait of Kingsley known to me. It has the stern expression, which came partly of the effort, never quite ceasing, to express himself through that characteristic stammer which quite left him in public speaking, and which in private added to the effect of his wonderful talk. Photography caught him easily. Those who look at the portrait prefixed to Volume I. of the "Life" see the man as he lived. Mr. Woolner's bust, shown at the beginning of Volume II., shows him aged and shrunken, not more than he was but more than he ought to have been: and the removal of all hair from the face is a marked difference from the fact in life: yet the likeness is perfect too. That somewhat severe face belied one of the kindest hearts that ever beat: yet the handsome and chivalrous features not unworthily expressed one of the truest, bravest, and noblest of souls. Kingsley could not have done a mean or false thing: by his make it was as impossible as that water should run up hill. He was truly magnanimous and unselfish: the last attainment of divers not wholly ignoble minds. In these days, part of the stock in trade of the unscrupulous self-seeker is sometimes a great parade of unselfishness: the man who never in his life really exerted himself for any other end than the advantage of number one requests you to take notice that his sole end is the glory of God and the good of mankind. And the transparent pretext, which infuriates the perspicacious few, is found to succeed with the undiscerning many. But Kingsley, who never asked you to remark how

* *Charles Kingsley: his Letters and Memoirs of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. Two volumes. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

unselfish and downright he was, was all that several successful men have pretended to be.

It is very hard to take it in that he is gone. Even when in broken health he was not the kind of man one thinks of as to die. And he did not live out his life. He had greatly overworked himself, but he did not die worn-out. Life's taper might have been husbanded out far longer. He died, like the hosts he had felt for, and pleaded for, of preventible disease. Rest, and care, might have kept him with us for many a day and year. I see and hear him now, lifelike beyond expression, sitting on a seat, vacant now, opposite this table on which I write, with two little boys on his knees, telling them stories of his own as good as the "Water Babies." I see, as if present, the keen sharp eye with which he scanned the little faces, to see if they were taking in what he said. And now he would only have been fifty-seven.

Looking back on one's own life, as a whole, you know how short it sometimes seems. It is indeed "our little life." But it is in reading a biography, a well-written and interesting biography, that one feels into how little space past time and past life crush up, as we look back. All a laborious life, not quite a short one, — all a human being's share of this world's work and history, — go into two volumes, which you can get through in an evening. Good Dean Alford has the memorial of all his hard work, all his disappointments and successes, in one. It is a common complaint, nowadays, that biographies are too long. They may be, often, for the worth of what they have to tell. But if they are designed to convey the impression of what the man's life really was, they are of necessity too short. Two volumes, even if large ones, must fail to give you the feeling of real long years. They bring too near the changed and wearied man at the end, to the hopeful youth at the beginning. They cannot truly show how gradual and imperceptible was the change, in feeling, in belief, in surroundings, in all things. Not even Dr. Newman could do it, in his too little space. And a biography, lively and readable throughout, necessarily fails to convey the fact concerning our life: the long dull periods, slowly dragging over, and the quiet uneventful times that seem now to have been so peaceful and happy. You may tell us, in a few pages or sentences, that a human being lived so many years here or there, did such work, passed through such transitions of character and feeling, experienced the pressure of such

anxieties and losses. But only a very long history, designedly dull for many pages together, and going into details wearisome to most readers, can truthfully represent the fact of a life in which the sun never shines on three hundred and sixty-five days at once: in which the whole man by imperceptible gradation moves away and away. The story of Kingsley's life is indeed very briefly told in these two considerable volumes.

When he was born his father was vicar of Holne, under Dartmoor. Father and mother were both remarkable: Kingsley delighted to say that all the talent of his family was hereditary. When six weeks old, he left Devonshire, and he did not see his birthplace again till he was a man of thirty: but his mother's enthusiasm for the scenery round Holne was transmitted; and everything connected with Devonshire had a mysterious charm for Kingsley through all his life. His father held several charges in succession: one at Burton-on-Trent, one at Barnack in the Fen country, whose wide flats had also a singular attraction for Charles: then he held the living of Clovelly, a strange and lovely village in North Devon: where the extraordinary scenery and the curious primitive people left an indelible impression on his son: "the inspiration of my life," were the son's own words. In 1836, when Charles was seventeen, his father became rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea: and a change passed, of necessity, upon the outward surroundings of the family. This living the elder Kingsley held till his death. Charles was a precocious child. At four years old he preached a sermon which is preserved: and which is not unlike the sermons of other thoughtful little boys of four. He was gentle and quiet. All his life he suffered from a painful shyness: though he certainly did not look like it. His father was a Tory and an Evangelical: and, though Charles was always a most dutiful son, his father's views (as in many similar cases) acted upon him for a considerable part of his life by way of repulsion. He gravitated towards them again as he grew older. When twelve years old, along with a brother who soon died, he was placed at Helston Grammar School in Cornwall, whose head-master was Mr. Derwent Coleridge, the son of the poet. Here Charles was "a tall, slight boy, of keen visage, and of great bodily activity, high-spirited, earnest, and energetic;" "original to the verge of eccentricity;" and foremost in feats of agility and adventure. It was remembered in the school

how well he bore pain. Once, having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by the actual cautery; and having heated the poker red-hot in the schoolroom fire, he calmly applied it two or three times to the wound. There are those who, looking at a cheerful fire on a winter evening, have found it wholly impossible to imagine how any mortal could by his own will be burnt alive. Kingsley could have understood, whether as man or boy. He wrote from school to his mother that "I am now quite settled and very happy. I read my Bible every night, and try to profit by what I read, and I am sure I do. I am keeping a journal of my actions and thoughts, and I hope it will be useful to me." When his father went to Chelsea in 1836, Kingsley became a student of King's College, London. It was a lift in the Church; but as with many such, the substantial gain was balanced by sentimental loss.

"The change to a London rectory, with its ceaseless parish work, the discussion of which is so wearisome to the young, the middle-class society of a suburban district as Chelsea was then, the polemical conversation all seemingly so narrow and conventional in its tone, chafed the boy's spirit, and had anything but a happy effect on his mind.

"His parents were absorbed in their parish work, and their religious views precluded all public amusement for their children."

I have heard Kingsley speak keenly of this period in his life; and describe, in his vehement fashion, the mutinous spirit which possessed him not against parental authority nor even parental views, but against the views and idiosyncrasy of the entire school of good folk among whom he had to live. But what he felt did not much appear on the surface. The excellent Professor Hall, of the mathematical chair in King's College, writes of him, "I own his subsequent career astonished me, for as a youth he was gentle and diffident even to timidity." Professor Hall has doubtless seen his old students turn out both a great deal better and a great deal worse than he anticipated of them.

In the autumn of 1838 Kingsley went to Magdalen College, Cambridge. Here he gained a scholarship by competition. And on July 6, 1839, he and his future wife met for the first time. From the beginning a powerful and healthful influence was exerted upon him by the young lady. He was full of religious doubts. His peculiar character had not been understood at home.

"His heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, and never slept again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and he met with answering sympathy. And gradually, as the new friendship (which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every thought, every feeling, every sin as he would call it, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given: all things in heaven and earth discussed: and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful humility and tenderness, which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day."

Yet, after this, the dark cloud returned.

"The conflict between hopes and fears for the future, and between faith and unbelief, was so fierce and bitter, that when he returned to Cambridge he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost: he read little, went in for excitement of every kind,—boating, hunting, driving, fencing, boxing, duck-shooting in the fens,—anything to deaden the remembrance of the happy past, which just then promised no future."

With all his spiritual struggles, his physical strength did not fail. In one day he walked to London, fifty-two miles, without much fatigue: and for years after this a walk of five-and-twenty miles was a refreshment to him. Finally he took a good degree, having worked very energetically for his last few months at the university. He was senior optime in mathematics, and first class in classics. But all who knew him were aware that this was little to what he might have done had he not fallen into that deplorable condition of morbid idleness.

He had been entered at Lincoln's Inn, thinking of the bar; but by a felicitous choice turned to the profession for which above all others his whole character fitted him. Through all this period of his life, his letters to his future wife are as curious specimens of such a correspondence as John Foster's famous essays, which were letters written in like circumstances. He began to see good in the Low Church party: and he thought Archbishop Whately (who would not have thanked him for misspelling his name as *Whateley*) "the greatest mind of the present day." He was ordained deacon at Farnham, by Bishop Sumner of Winchester, whose personal character and inoffensive life did something (much needed) to obliterate the recollection of how he got there. And in

July 1842, at the age of twenty-three, Kingsley settled at Eversley, where first as curate and then as rector he was to remain for just thirty-three years. It was, and is, a singular parish: with scenery rather Scotch than English. Three hamlets, each surrounding its little green, are surrounded by the moorland, and young forests of self-sown fir-trees. Parts of the country round are liker Perthshire than Hampshire. But the village green, the church and the rectory, are distinctly English. The great fir-trees on the rectory-lawn are known far and wide. The people were much given to poaching. An occasional royal deer from the not remote Windsor forest would stray into Eversley parish and never return: and hares and pheasants, in the old days, were common in cottages where now they are rarely seen. The parish had been grievously neglected: the church was empty on Sundays and the public houses full. But things speedily changed. Kingsley threw all his youthful enthusiasm into his work. And thus early he develops those views of what came to be termed *muscular Christianity*: by which he meant nothing more nor less than the maintenance of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. He writes, —

The body is the temple of the living God. There has always seemed to me something impious in the neglect of personal health, strength, and beauty, which the religious, and sometimes clergymen of this day affect. It is very often a mere form of laziness and untidiness. I should be ashamed of being weak. I could not do half the little good I do here, if it were not for that strength and activity which some consider coarse and degrading. Many clergymen would half kill themselves if they did what I do. And though they might walk about as much, they would neglect exercise of the arms and chest, and become dyspeptic or consumptive."

All this seems commonplace now, because Kingsley, and others who independently arrived at the same conclusions about the same time, have succeeded in getting it so generally accepted. One has heard it from pulpits without number: but the days were in which it was fresh and (to some folk) startling. I have known a case in which a sermon designed to show that the care of the body is a Christian duty, was pleasantly described as teaching that men should take more care of their bodies than their souls. The stupidest old woman in a Scotch Dissenting "body" would hardly say so now. And the following description of the fashion in which Kings-

ley got hold of his parishioners tells of what for many years now has been very common both in Scotland and England: —

"This was one secret of his influence at Eversley: he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadows, pitch hay with the haymakers in the pasture. From knowing every fox-earth on the moor, the 'reedy house' of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he had always a word in sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he discussed the rotation of crops, and with the laborer the science of hedging and ditching."

A dark time came. There was a long break in his correspondence with his future wife: no doubt the break was intended to be final. A year of silence and hard work passed over. He was "roughly lodged in a thatched cottage," and the prospect of preferment in the Church seemed small. One feels how vain it is to represent, by a few lines written in the knowledge of future years, what that time must have been. Doubtless it served its purpose. At length the sky brightened. He was promised a living: the helpful correspondence was resumed: and in the prospect of being soon married he laid out his plan of life.

"We must have a regular rule of life, not so as to become a law, but a custom. Family prayers before breakfast: 8:30 to 10, household matters: 10 to 1, studying divinity or settling parish accounts and business,—our doors open for poor parish visitants: between 1 and 5, go out in all weathers, to visit sick and poor, and to teach in the school: in the evening we will draw, and feed the intellect and fancy. We must devote 9 to 12 on Monday mornings to casting up our weekly bills and accounts, and make a rule never to mention them, if possible, at any other time: and never to talk of household matters, unless urgent, but between 9 and 10 in the morning; nor of parish business in the evening. I have seen the *gêne* and misery which not following some such rule brings down. We must pray for a spirit of order and regularity and economy in the least things."

Wisely resolved! Let us hope these rules were practically carried out. Early in 1844 the young couple were married: Charles Kingsley and Fanny, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger his wife. They were to have settled at a curacy in Dorsetshire: but the living of Eversley becoming vacant, Kingsley was presented to it, and settled down in the

rectory which is indissolubly associated with his name.

"He now settled at Eversley with his wife: and life flowed on peacefully, notwithstanding the anxieties of a sorely neglected parish, and the expenses of an old house which had not been repaired for more than a hundred years. The house itself was damp and unwholesome, surrounded with ponds which overflowed with every heavy rain, and flooded not only the garden and stables, but all the rooms on the ground floor, keeping up master and servants sometimes all night, baling out the water in buckets for hours together: and drainage works had to be done before it was habitable. From these causes, and from the charities falling almost entirely on the incumbent, the living, although a good one, was for years unremunerative: but the young rector, happy in his home and his work, met all difficulties bravely: and gradually in the course of years, the land was drained: the ponds which ran through the garden and stood above the level of the dwelling-rooms were filled up, and though the house was never healthy, it was habitable."

It is a disappointing account of the picturesque house which so many know. It must be confessed that a modern dwelling, well-built and roofed-in, thoroughly drained and ventilated, with lofty ceilings and large windows is, after all, a preferable habitation to many a charming mediæval mansion, delightful to an æsthetic eye. Nor is cost to be forgotten. I have heard Kingsley say that it cost him 80*l.* a year to keep his rectory in repair.

There was a turn-over in all parochial arrangements. Of course there were some who opposed the new rector's *innovations*. The communion had been celebrated three times a year, and the churchwardens refused to provide for monthly celebrations. Kingsley had himself for many years to bear the cost; and doubtless the wrath of some who had known the church for thirty years and never wished these new-fangled decencies. But he made his way. He was a devoted parish priest, visiting perpetually as well as preaching regularly. He thought it best, amid that generation of poachers, never to touch a gun: but he sometimes had a gallop in the hunting-field. "I defy any mortal," said he to the writer, "to point out any part of my duty that is neglected: and, that being so, I take my recreation in my own way." His preaching from the first arrested attention. The extraordinary experience of being able to listen

with interest to a sermon was not the least startling of the innovations which aroused the parishioners of Eversley. The respectable Bishop Sumner, characteristically, found fault with the sermons as "too colloquial." I have known many respectable dignitaries to whom, for obvious reasons, a sermon to which human beings could listen was an unpardonable offence.

Now the active mind turned to literary work. "The Saint's Tragedy," his vehement testimony against asceticism, undertaken by the house of Parker, was published at the end of 1847. It excited much feeling at Oxford, traversing as it did the teaching in favor there: and when at Oxford on a visit in the spring of 1848, Kingsley found himself an object of interest to many. *Fraser's Magazine* had recently come the hands of the Parkers, and at this time (April 1848) his first paper appeared in it, under the title "Why Should we Fear the Romish Priests?" Through the Parkers, Kingsley became acquainted with men who were to be his special friends: Thomas Hughes, Helps, J. A. Froude, Hullah, J. M. Ludlow, Archdeacon Hare. The Chartist movement of this year greatly interested him: he wrote a placard addressed to the "workmen of England," which was posted over London at a critical time: and he contributed to a little publication, "Politics for the People," published by Parker, under the name of "Parson Lot." I possess the bound volume: there never was but one; and I cannot say that it is interesting or impressive in any high degree. And the name of "Parson Lot," suggestive of the one righteous man in Sodom, does not seem felicitous. Kingsley, in fact, in an exciting time, had (for a season) too great belief in people being saved and helped by fussiness, by public meetings, and political papers. And his declaration at a meeting of uneducated men who (as a rule) were disposed to do anything except work hard, practice self-denial, and help themselves, that he was "a Church of England parson and a Chartist," did no good either to himself or the cause he had at heart. "Yeast" came out as a series of papers in *Fraser*; and then, under the pressure of work and excitement, Kingsley quite broke down, and had to rest for some time in Devonshire. He felt strongly the necessity for making public worship bright and attractive: he writes to a friend, "Do I not shudder at the ghastly dullness of our services?" In this approximating to his great opponent of after-time. For Dr.

Newman, in a speech at Birmingham, once declared of the Anglican Church, that "the thought of her doctrines makes me shudder: the thought of her services makes me shiver." No wonder, considering what these last were when Dr. Newman was familiar with them. Things are quite different now: thanks to the much-abused High Churchmen.

In 1850, Kingsley, from conscientious scruples, gave up the office of clerk in orders in his father's parish, which he had hitherto held: and to meet growing expenses and a lessened income, he must write. The result was "*Alton Locke*," written in the early mornings of the winter: which yielded him 150*l*. The Parkers did not venture to publish it, "*Yeast*" having injured *Fraser*; but it was brought out by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, on the recommendation of Mr. Carlyle. This new work, with "*Yeast*," and the name of Chartist (given and taken with little real reason), made him a suspect man. Cautious people, with an eye to their own promotion, fought shy of him. Yet, though his years were only thirty-one, strangers began to write and ask his counsel upon many subjects. "*Hypatia*" came out in *Fraser*, beginning in January, 1852, and running in company with "*Digby Grand*," which was beginning to make the name of Whyte-Melville familiar to novel-readers. The fancies of what for a little was known as Christian Socialism attracted Kingsley, and his connection with it brought upon him many attacks. He felt these: but was even more annoyed by the eccentricities and follies of the odd set among whom he found himself as its supporters.

It was in the summer of 1851 that by invitation of the incumbent he preached in a London church a sermon on "*The Message of the Church to the Laboring Man*," at the close of which the incumbent arose and informed the congregation that much of what Kingsley had said was dangerous and much untrue. The event was not unique: I have known the like happen in Scotland. Kingsley made no reply, though denounced in the newspapers as the "apostle of Socialism." So innocent was the sermon that the Bishop of London (Blomfield), who hearing of the disturbance had forbidden Kingsley to preach in his diocese, after reading it and conversing with the author removed his prohibition. It is to be regretted that the biography records, as if worth something, some demonstrations by "working men" which are only to be classed with those in favor of Orton and Dr. Kenealy. It was be-

cause these wrong-headed persons fancied that Kingsley's sermon was what every good man would disapprove, that they rallied round him. An equally discreditable impulse led to a proposal, never entertained, to defy the bishop and start a "free Church." Kingsley behaved thoroughly well throughout these events: and the outcome of the whole was, singularly, his song of "*The Three Fishers*."

It is wonderful how he found time to write the long letters he wrote to strangers asking counsel. And it might be difficult to construct a consistent scheme of the theology he taught in them. I remember his admitting this frankly, on being asked how *this* was to go with *that*. "You logical Scotchmen," he said, "must construct consistent theories: I have intuitions of individual truths: how they are to be reconciled I know not."

Now strangers began to appear in Eversley church: officers from Sandhurst, and an occasional clergyman.

"After he gave out his text, the poor men in the free sittings would turn towards him, and settle themselves into an attitude of fixed attention. In preaching he would try to keep still and calm, and free from all gesticulation: but as he went on, he had to grip and clasp the cushion on which his sermon rested, in order to restrain the intensity of his own emotion; and when in spite of himself his hands would escape, they would be lifted up, the fingers of the right hand working with a peculiar hovering movement of which he was quite unconscious: his eyes seemed on fire, his whole frame worked and vibrated."

He tried to carry out a theory I have heard him express, that a preacher might fitly be as animated as he could be without moving his hands from his sermon. All gesticulation, he said, was vulgar and theatrical. This he said, listening to some account of an eminent Scotch preacher who used profuse gesticulation. But the theory, surely, grounds on a quite arbitrary canon of propriety; and Kingsley traversed it himself.

Mrs. Kingsley gives a pleasing picture of the father amid his family, where he sought to surround the children with an atmosphere of joyousness, and where punishment was hardly known. Solomon has a good deal to answer for, in the matter of spoiling children's tempers and breaking their spirits. And his own attempts to bring up his children well do not appear to have been so successful as Kingsley's. The griefs of childhood Kingsley could not bear to see: and busy as he might be,

his study was always open to the little sufferer from some small trouble: many fine sentences were broken off to mend a broken toy. He instilled into his children the love of what (in some cases with little reason) are called inferior animals: down even to toads and snakes. But he could not bear a spider.

So his life went on, his reputation growing, and clearing itself of the old suspicions; though no doubt many good folk thought him rather a strange kind of parson. It has been said that he was a layman in the disguise of a clergyman. In one sense, this was true. He did not fear Mrs. Grundy. He would as soon shock her as not. But in the deeper truth, there never was a man more essentially a clergyman in all his ways and feelings. His piety pervaded his entire life: his reverence for religious truth was unceasing. If the old prim idea of clerical propriety is in great measure gone, the abandonment of a conventional sham is to some degree due to Kingsley. Much of his teaching, like that of Newman and of Carlyle, does not seem to us now so original as in fact it was when first given forth, because we have so much learned it. One thinks of the man, disappointed in hearing a play of Shakespeare. "I was told," he said, "that Shakespeare was a man of original genius: whereas the play consisted to a great extent of the most hackneyed quotations." In 1859, Kingsley was made chaplain to the queen; which in many estimable quarters, though not in all, would be received as testimony to his substantial orthodoxy.

In May 1860 he was offered the professorship of modern history at Cambridge, which he accepted with some diffidence. It was then the writer first met him. For ten days, in the middle of a beautiful May, one long accustomed to a very retired life had a first glimpse of eminent men of letters under the hospitable roof of John Parker. How bright, kind, brotherly, and unaffected they were! It was profoundly interesting, and very strange. Among them were Helps, pleased with his appointment, just made, as clerk of council: and Kingsley, full of his new professorship. I see them both, one bright May forenoon, sitting in Parker's pleasant library, both smoking, and Kingsley vehemently setting forth to Helps his plans for his lectures, for two very short hours. Then Helps had to go. The day was very warm, and Kingsley had talked himself into a white heat; accordingly he discarded his coat and sat in his shirt-sleeves. In a little Parker opened the door wide, and

said with some solemnity, "*The Bishop of London*." Kingsley, always respectful to dignities, made a rush for his coat and had got half-way into it: when, with grave and solemn demeanor, fitted to the episcopal bench, beseeching the title he had heard given him, walked in Helps! Kingsley, though charming, was certainly (as Parker said) "a most exhausting companion:" London acted upon him as a powerful stimulant, fresh from the moors of Eversley: and Parker's weaker physique could not keep pace with that robust bodily health and the almost uproarious spirits. One of the band round Parker's table was Buckle, of the "*History of Civilization*." His fluency was wonderful: his knowledge seemed equal in all directions: he never would leave off talking if he could find a listener: the complaint was that he preached. But he was very impatient of all other preachers: not an entirely unknown characteristic. He had the enviable power of never allowing himself to be hurried in his work. Helps was John Parker's prophet: who can speak of him worthily? Wisest, kindest, best of men! Mr. Theodore Martin and his wife (that supreme dramatic genius) were among Parker's chief friends. And Ormsby, one of the brightest and cleverest writers upon topics of the day. Parker was a constant visitor at Eversley rectory: the writer will never forget a beautiful day at this time on which Parker and he went by railway to Winchfield, and thence walked the five miles to Eversley: spending as many hours as possible with Kingsley about the church and glebe, and walking back with him by Bramshill. That autumn was saddened by Parker's sudden death. Kingsley writes of him, "His was a great soul in a pigmy body; and those who know how I loved him, know what a calamity it is to say I preach 'muscular Christianity.'"

About this time, Kingsley evinced a curious irritability on the last-named matter. Let him speak for himself in a remarkable letter written in February of this year to one then unknown to him, who afterwards became his friend; and who had contributed some papers to the magazine, one of which touched the sore subject. This letter sets forth the fullest statement known to me of his views upon it.

Eversley,
Feb. 15, '60.

DEAR SIR, — Were you not so charming a writer; and one whom I long to know and to thank in person, I should not trouble you or myself by writing this.

But. In an essay of yours which seems to me one of your very best; and in every word of which I agree, I find (p. 250-251) talk which pains me bitterly, about muscular Christianity! Now—I am called by noodles and sneerers the head of that school. When muscular Christianity is spoken of either Tom Hughes or I rise to most folks' minds. Tom may take care of himself; for me, I say this.

I consider the term as silly and offensive. Whenever any man makes use of it to me I ignore the whole matter, and if I be troubled give him to understand that he is rude. And for this reason. It is all a dream, as far as I am concerned, about muscular Christianity. The best folk I know or ever shall know, have been poor cripples, noodles, ugly women, and that sort of "offscouring of humanity"—whom the Lord loved because there is no form nor comeliness in them, to make men love them. Then, because I tell the handsome women and the strong men, "Why are you not as good as these poor wretches? You can and ought to be a great deal better;" an insolent—reviewer, or somebody, gives me the nicknamed muscular Christianity, and sets up the theory that my ideal is a man who fears God, and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have my ideal—I have many ideals—which I shall keep to myself; but I confess I have never been more moved than by such talk to show the young prig, whoever he was, my muscular *un*-Christianity, unless my right hand had forgotten its cunning, and the lessons of Sambo the Black Fighter. But boy's nonsense on such subjects I can pass over. It is when a man like you re-echoes their impertinence (you yourself being not impertinent, and therefore speaking in good faith—which is all the more painful to me) that I *must* speak to you and ask, Do you think that I, who am not only a student of human nature, but have been a hard-working parish priest for eighteen years, and love my parish work better than anything else in the world—do you think that I am such a one-sided ass as to preach what you seem to understand by muscular Christianity? There is not a word in your condemnation of it, to which I have not said "amen" a dozen years since; and I beg that if that passage is to stand in your essays, you will except from the category, me, the very man whom noodles call the apostle of the doctrine.

I do entreat you to reconsider that passage. It is unjust, not to me, but to others. You say you find many books which talk, etc.; I wish you would name them to me. A list of them would be most pleasant to me; for ill and weak as I am, and forbidden to write, I would bestir myself to give any fellows who talk as you say (though I have never met with any) such a dressing in *Fraser* as would show them that my tongue was still sharp enough: Do, I beg you, tell me explicitly what and whom you mean—or say yourself—as you can do most excellently, in your next edition; and meanwhile, take the hint which I gave a

young fellow (though you are not young nor a "fellow," but a wise and good man) who said in a well-meaning review of me, that I had never had an ache or a sorrow in my life; and I told him—as I tell you—that for the first twenty years of my life I never knew what health meant—that my life had been one of deep and strange sorrows; and that only by drinking the cup of misery and sickness to the dregs had I learnt to value health and happiness, and to entreat those who had health and happiness, to use them aright; for for all these things God would bring them into judgment.

I write to you openly, as to a brother, for I long to know you, more than any man whom I find writing now; and for that very reason I cannot abide your seeming to lend yourself to any of the vulgar misconceptions of what I am aiming at. I have my aim: but what that is I tell no man yet.

Yours ever faithfully,
C. KINGSLEY.

On November 12 he delivered his inaugural lecture in the crowded Senate House at Cambridge, meeting an enthusiastic welcome from the undergraduates: and to a class of upwards of a hundred he gave his first course of lectures, afterwards published as "The Norman and the Teuton." Opinions have varied as to the value of Kingsley's historical teaching: but there can be no difference of opinion as to his power of interesting young men. In 1861 he gave a course of private lectures to the Prince of Wales, with a little class of eleven others. The lectures carried the class up to the reign of George IV.: the prince was diligent in his attendance, and at the end of each term passed a satisfactory examination. The "Water Babies" came out in the spring of 1862: and in August of that year Kingsley visited Scotland, spending some days in Edinburgh, where for the first time he saw the worship of the Scotch Kirk. "You can't expect me to like it," was his candid statement to the friend he had heard preach.

His life and work went on, at Eversley and at Cambridge. Little need be said of the controversy into which, at the critical age of forty-five, he fell with Dr. Newman. Kingsley was substantially in the right, though Newman was the better handler of his case: and of Newman's personal integrity there never could be doubt in the mind of any reasonable man. In the spring of 1867 he edited *Fraser* for a few months in Mr. Froude's absence at Simancas. Though interested in the magazine in which his literary life began, he had none of the feeling which has made others hold by a periodical for the sake

of auld lang syne, when offered far higher pay elsewhere. "I carry my pigs to the best market," was his downright remark to the writer. In the autumn of 1867 he came to Scotland, and spent a memorable week in the ancient city of St. Andrews, winning the hearts of all who came to know him. "I apprehend I am a bad Englishman," he wrote: "for I like you Scots far better than my own countrymen." When the writer received him at the railway, he looked older than he should have done. He said he had despised sick folk, and was now being punished duly: never feeling quite well. But after a bath in water nearly boiling, he brightened up, and was the life of a gathering at dinner of men and women who valued him as they ought. The British Association was to hold its meetings in the great town of Dundee, twelve miles off; and Kingsley had come mainly to attend these. But he did not trouble the British Association much. Just twice did he go to Dundee. Three trains and one ferry-boat (across the Tay) are needed to cover the distance from St. Andrews; and Kingsley got tired of the journey. The day after his arrival, Wednesday September 4, was bright and warm. He spent the day wandering about the ruined castle and cathedral, and sitting on the grass in St. Salvador's College: and in the evening went to Dundee to hear the Duke of Buccleugh give his address as president. There was a vast crowd in the handsome Kinnaird Hall: a great gathering, on the huge platform, of the philosophers of the age: and Kingsley was delighted when the duke, very bright-looking and well set up, the broad blue ribbon of the garter crossing his breast, and every inch what it is his duty to be, began his address by saying that a good deal had been said by those who had proposed him for president about the bold Buccleughs of past ages: but that not one of them had ever done anything requiring so much courage as he needed in rising to address all the scientific sages of the land. Of course, the applause was tremendous. Next day was given to a thorough examination of the old buildings of St. Andrews, in company with the good Dr. Robert Chambers: and to a partial round of the famous Links, to see the national game of golf. "Very French," was his estimate of the St. Andrews Gothic. When that city was in its glory, France was the allied country and England the hostile one. Another evening visit to Dundee, on a subsequent day, ended Kingsley's attendance on the British Association. It pleased

him much more to sit at his window and look out upon the broad bay, close under it: talking eagerly of all human things. A little expanse of carefully-mown grass stretched from under his window the few yards to the edge of the cliff, fifty feet perpendicular. Here, sitting by the open window one sunshiny morning, he read his letters, eight or ten: and then, vehemently condemning some iniquity, he carefully tore them into little fragments, and cast the great handful from the window. His friend, dominated by a painful tidiness, could but think that each separate fragment must be gathered up again from the trim little green. On the Saturday afternoon, the university entertained the leading members of the Association at dinner in St. Salvador's Hall: and here Kingsley made a most beautiful and touching little speech, replying to the toast of "The Literature of Science." Then, later, there was a reception in the university library, where he was certainly the observed of all observers. Divers great men were there, but none so gazed upon as Kingsley. In all sincerity, he disliked it. Next day, he wrote to his wife:—

St. Andrews,
Sunday, September 7.

I am looking out on a glassy sea, with the seabirds sailing about close under the window. I could wish to be at home seeing you all go to church. Yesterday was a day of infinite bustle. The university and city received the British Association, and feasted them. Everything was very well done, except putting me down for a speech against my express entreaty. However, I only spoke five minutes. After this early dinner a reception *soirée* of all the ladies of Fifeshire "East Neuk:" we escaped early. I hate being made a lion of, and stuck tight to good Mrs. B. — Nothing can be more pleasant than my stay here has been: but the racket of the meeting is terrible: the talking continual: and running into Dundee, by two trains, with the steamer at Broughty Ferry, between, is too much: so I have taken up my hat, and am off to Tilliepronie tomorrow. — These dear Scots folk, — I should like to live always among them, they are so full of vigorous life and head. — Tell Maurice Golf is the queen of games, if Cricket is the king: and the golfing gentlemen as fine fellows as ever I saw.

Still, he was not well. That Sunday forenoon he spent in bed: and when his friend returned from church, Kingsley said, with a sad face, "I have had a drier morning." Yet he roused himself and went in the afternoon to the parish church of St. Andrews, and in the evening to the pretty little chapel of St. Salvador's Col-

lege, to hear a sermon by Principal Tuloch. He never went to bed, that week, before 1 A.M., and his flow of bright and enthusiastic talk was unceasing. Then he went up to Abergeldie, the residence of the Prince of Wales. The fine scenery was hidden by mists. Writing to St. Andrews, he said that on the other side he had drawn an accurate picture of the view from his window. The page was blank, except a frame surrounding it.

In the end of 1868 he resigned his chair, and in June, 1869, he was appointed Canon of Chester. Here he preached, taught the lads natural history, and became a great power in the beautiful old city. He found the daily service "very steady-ing and elevating." In December of that year he and his daughter visited the West Indies. His impressions are given in his book "At Last." In 1872, being now fifty-three, he was startled by the death of Mr. Maurice, of whom he always spoke as his master; and by that of Norman Macleod. "He is gone as I am surely going," he said; "a man who has worn his brain away." Yet he could not stop. Thinking of Kingsley's deep reverence for Maurice, one remembers with shame how far his students, in departed years, failed of rightly appreciating his lectures. I recall a little fortnightly, named the *Autocrat*, published in King's College long ago, in which this brief paragraph appeared:—

"Startling phenomenon.

"A barometer from the museum had been accidentally left in Professor Maurice's class-room. Instantly on the lecture beginning, the index suddenly pointed to 'Very Dry.'"

Kingsley became enthusiastic for the teaching in common schools of the laws of health. "Alas," he writes, "why could we not have a professor of them at Cambridge and another at Oxford, and make every young landowner and student for holy orders attend their lectures?" It is worth notice that for many years his views have been carried out, though not by compulsion, in the case of the students for the Church in the little University of St. Andrews. Though the old energy was commonly present, the greatness of the way was telling now. In the summer of 1873 he wrote answers to a paper of questions familiar to many readers. To the question "Your ambition?" the answer was, "To die." One remembers the end of John Foster's grand sermon on "The Three Jews in Babylon." "As to them,

there could remain, after that day, but one thing that was sublime enough for their ambition,—the translation by death!"

In the spring of this year, Mr. Gladstone wrote to him proposing that he should exchange his canonry at Chester for the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey. "All I had ever wished, and more than I had ever hoped," were his words in reply to a letter of congratulation. He had got to the end of his tether now. He would be no longer obliged to write for money, but might give his strength to his sermons alone. What the great Abbey was to such a man, need not be said; nor what its dean. And beloved Eversley, never to be abandoned, was but forty miles away. His eldest boy came back for a holiday from Mexico, just at the time of his father's promotion; and his aged mother, now in her eighty-sixth year, knew of his appointment before she died. Kingsley was pleased with the general sympathy amid which he entered on this dignified position; it blotted out many bitter recollections. But if he was no longer suspected, as the Chartist parson and apostle of Socialism, it is equally true that he was neither Chartist nor Socialist, Christian or other; but a reasonable Conservative in politics, and theologically a good old-fashioned High Churchman, with a liberal tone about his dogmatic creed. These things came too late. His son, struck by his broken appearance, urged rest and a sea-voyage. But the work at the Abbey must be done; great crowds thronged to listen to his preaching. The rest was put off till the beginning of 1874, when, with his eldest daughter, he sailed for America for change, and to see his boy, "taking a few lectures with him, to meet his expenses." There was but a year now. He left Queenstown on January 30, and January 23 in the next year was his last day. He was six months in America; he met everywhere a warm welcome: he felt at first very well. At Salt Lake City, Brigham Young offered him the Tabernacle to lecture or preach in: but Kingsley returned no answer to one beyond the pale of decent life. He visited Yo Semite, and saw the big trees. At San Francisco he caught a bad cold: and his brother "the Doctor" meeting him in California found him suffering severely from pleurisy. It was while ill in Colorado that he wrote his last lines: as spirited and musical as any he ever wrote. Having so far recovered, he came home in August, 1874, "looking for a blessed quiet autumn, if God so will, having had a change of scene which will last me

my whole life, and has taught me many things."

But the end was near. And (as is usual) wise after the event, one sees, looking back, how needlessly it was hastened. That eager heart was not made to last long, indeed: thinking of Kingsley, one feels how apt are the words that speak of "life's fitful fever." But everything was against him through the months that remained. He returned to Eversley in trying weather: there was much sickness in the parish: his curate was away: and still weak from his American illness, he had to do duty far beyond his strength. Then, going to his Westminster work in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver (the same thing which had needed the boiling baths of St. Andrews seven years before) left him sadly shaken and worn: and, while little able to bear it, early in October the dangerous illness of his wife reached him where he felt most keenly. But she recovered for the time; and in November he preached in the Abbey to vast congregations sermons wrung out with increasing labor, and as powerful as ever though the preacher was shrunken and bent. On Advent Sunday, November 29, he preached, with intense fervor, his last sermon in that great church: no one thinking that he would enter a pulpit no more. It was a day of dreadful storm all over Britain: the gale seemed to shake the Abbey; and to Kingsley's sensitive nature the whole service was most exciting. The sermon was specially eloquent, but it left him quite exhausted. Next day, St. Andrew's Day, Kingsley heard Principal Caird of Glasgow give a lecture on missions, in the nave, the dean having ventured to ask that most eminent of Scotch preachers to appear in the Abbey, but not to preach, nor to take part in any service known to the Church. Coming out into the cold cloister Kingsley caught fresh cold and coughed all night. On December 3, he and his wife left for Eversley. But that night his wife was stricken down with what seemed fatal illness: and when told that there was no hope, he said his own death warrant was signed. He was careless of his own health, in a season of bitter frost and snow: and on December 28 he took to his bed, prostrated by inflammation of the lungs. Constant opiates were used to keep off hæmorrhage, and

his dreams were all of the West Indies and the Rocky Mountains. His wife and he could not see one another: and the last two days he did not ask for her, evidently thinking she was gone. One sees, dimly, something of the strange experience the loving heart was going through. Early in the morning of January 23, thinking himself alone, he was heard repeating in a clear voice those beautiful words of the burial service which ask that we be not suffered, "at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee." He never spoke again: and before midday—passing so gently that his daughter and the old family nurse could scarcely tell when—Kingsley was gone. Where he went, he would miss one whom he had thought gone before him: one united through these years by ties which he often said eternity could not sever. His dream had been of that supreme blessing expressed in the unforgettable words *in death they were not divided*. But the wise and good woman was left for a little to tell, touchingly and beautifully, the story of the noble life which she had helped so mightily to ennoble.

Dean Stanley offered a grave in Westminster Abbey: but no one who knew Kingsley could doubt where it was that he himself would have desired to be laid. And on January 28, 1875, he was carried to his last resting-place in Eversley churchyard by villagers who had known and trusted him as their rector, with very imperfect knowledge of what he was beyond the limits of the parish. The Bishop of Winchester, the deans of Westminster and Chester: soldiers and sailors: the master of fox hounds, with his huntsman and whip, and outside the churchyard the horses and hounds: the gypsies of Eversley Common: the representative of the Prince of Wales: peers and members of Parliament, authors and publishers: were all gathered round the grave. In that familiar place, where every tree and shrub was known and tended by him, he rests. Above his head his wife has placed a cross of white marble. It bears, in the words *God is Love*, the central and vital truth in Kingsley's creed: and it sums the story of his life in words he had chosen long before:—

AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS.

A. K. H. B.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONJUNCTIONS.

As the days passed on and Florimel heard nothing of Lenorme, the uneasiness that came with the thought of him gradually diminished, and all the associations of opposite complexion returned. Untrammelled by fear, the path into a scaring future seeming to be cut off, her imagination began to work in the quarry of her late experience, shaping its dazzling material into gorgeous castles, with foundations deep dug in the air, wherein lorded the person and gifts and devotion of the painter. When lost in such blissful reveries not seldom moments arrived in which she imagined herself — even felt as if she were capable, if not of marrying Lenorme in the flushed face of outraged society, yet of fleeing with him from the judgment of the all but all-potent divinity to the friendly bosom of some blessed isle of the southern seas, whose empty luxuriance they might change into luxury, and there living a long harmonious idyll of wedded love, in which old age and death should be provided against by never taking them into account. This mere fancy — which, poor in courage as it was in invention, she was far from capable of carrying into effect — yet seemed to herself the outcome and sign of a whole world of devotion in her bosom. If one of the meanest of human conditions is conscious heroism, paltrier yet is heroism before the fact, incapable of self-realization. But even the poorest dreaming has its influences, and the result of hers was that the attentions of Liftore became again distasteful to her. And no wonder, for indeed his lordship's presence in the actual world made a poor show beside that of the painter in the ideal world of the woman who, if she could not with truth be said to love him, yet certainly had a powerful fancy for him: the mean phrase is good enough, even although the phantom of Lenorme roused in her all the twilight poetry of her nature, and the presence of Liftore set her whole consciousness in the perpendicular shadowless gaslight of prudence and self-protection.

The pleasure of her castle-building was but seldom interrupted by any thought of the shamefulfulness of her behavior to him. That did not matter much. She could so easily make up for all he had suffered!

Her selfishness closed her eyes to her own falsehood. Had she meant it truly, she would have been right both for him and for herself. To have repented and become as noble a creature as Lenorme was capable of imagining her — not to say as God had designed her — would indeed have been to make up for all he had suffered. But the poor blandishment she contemplated as amends could render him blessed only while its intoxication blinded him to the fact that it meant nothing of what it ought to mean — that behind it was no entire heart-filled woman. Meantime, as the past, with its delightful imprudences, its trembling joys glided away, swiftly widening the space between her and her false fears and shames, and seeming to draw with it the very facts themselves, promising to obliterate at length all traces of them, she gathered courage; and as the feeling of exposure that had made the covert of Liftore's attentions acceptable began to yield, her variableness began to reappear and his lordship to find her uncertain as ever. Assuredly, as his aunt said, she was yet but a girl incapable of knowing her own mind, and he must not press his suit. Nor had he the spur of jealousy or fear to urge him; society regarded her as his, and the shadowy repute of the bold-faced countess intercepted some favorable rays which would otherwise have fallen upon the young and beautiful marchioness from fairer luminaries even than Liftore.

But there was one good process, by herself little regarded, going on in Florimel: notwithstanding the moral discomfort oftener than once occasioned her by Malcolm, her confidence in him was increasing; and now that the kind of danger threatening her seemed altered, she leaned her mind upon him not a little, and more than she could well have accounted for to herself on the only grounds she could have adduced — namely, that he was an attendant authorized by her father, and, like herself, loyal to his memory and will; and that, faithful as a dog, he would fly at the throat of any one who dared touch her; of which she had had late proof, supplemented by his silent endurance of consequent suffering. Demon sometimes looked angry when she teased him — had even gone so far as to bare his teeth — but Malcolm had never shown temper. In a matter of imagined duty, he might presume, but that was a small thing beside the sense of safety his very presence brought with it. She shuddered, indeed, at the remembrance of one look he had given her, but that had been for no be-

havior to himself; and now that the painter was gone, she was clear of all temptation to the sort of thing that had caused it, and never, never would she permit herself to be drawn into circumstances the least equivocal. If only Lenorme would come back and allow her to be his friend, his *best* friend, his only young lady friend, leaving her at perfect liberty to do just as she liked, then all would be well, absolutely comfortable! In the mean time, life was endurable without him, and would be, provided Liftore did not make himself disagreeable. If he did, there were other gentlemen who might be induced to keep him in check: she would punish him: she knew how. She liked him better, however, than any of those.

It was out of pure kindness to Malcolm, upon Liftore's representation of how he had punished him, that for the rest of the week she dispensed with his attendance upon herself. But he, unaware of the lies Liftore had told her, and knowing nothing, therefore, of her reason for doing so, supposed she resented the liberty he had taken in warning her against Caley, feared the breach would go on widening, and went about, if not quite downcast, yet less hopeful still. Everything seemed going counter to his desires. A whole world of work lay before him—a harbor to build; a numerous fisher-clan to house as they ought to be housed; justice to do on all sides; righteous servants to appoint in place of oppressors; and, all over, the heavens to show more just than his family had in the past allowed them to appear; he had mortgages and other debts to pay off, clearing his feet from fetters and his hands from manacles, that he might be the true lord of his people; he had Miss Horn to thank, and the schoolmaster to restore to the souls and hearts of Portlossie; and, next of all to his sister, he had old Duncan, his first friend and father, to find and minister to. Not a day passed, not a night did he lay down his head, without thinking of him. But the old man, whatever his hardships, and even the fishermen, with no harbor to run home to from the wild elements, were in no dangers to compare with such as threatened his sister. To set her free was his first business, and that business as yet refused to be done. Hence he was hemmed in, shut up, incarcerated in stubborn circumstance, from a long-reaching range of duties calling aloud upon his conscience and heart to hasten with the first that he might reach the second.

What rendered it the more disheartening was, that, having discovered, as he hoped, how to compass his first end, the whole possibility had by his sister's behavior, and the consequent disappearance of Lenorme, been swept from him, leaving him more resourceless than ever.

When Sunday evening came he found his way to Hope Chapel, and, walking in, was shown to a seat by the grimy-faced pew-opener. It was with strange feelings he sat there, thinking of the past and looking for the appearance of his friend on the pulpit stair. But his feelings would have been stranger still had he seen who sat in the pew immediately behind him, watching him like a cat watching a mouse, or rather like a half-grown kitten watching a rat, for she was a little frightened at him, even while resolved to have him. But how could she doubt her final success when her plans were already affording her so much more than she had expected? Who would have looked for the great red stag himself to come browsing so soon about the scarecrow? He was too large game, however, to be stalked without due foresight.

When the congregation was dismissed, after a sermon the power of whose utterance astonished Malcolm, accustomed as he was to the schoolmaster's best moods, he waited until the preacher was at liberty from the unwelcome attentions and vulgar congratulations of the richer and more forward of his hearers, and then joined him to walk home with him. He was followed to the schoolmaster's lodging, and thence, an hour after, to his own, by a little boy—far too little to excite suspicion—the grandson of Mrs. Catanach's friend, the herb-doctor.

Until now the woman had not known that Malcolm was in London. When she learned that he was lodged so near Portland Place, she concluded that he was watching his sister, and chuckled over the idea of his being watched in turn by herself.

Every day for weeks after her declaration concerning the birth of Malcolm had the mind of Mrs. Catanach been exercised to the utmost to invent some mode of undoing her own testimony. She would have had no scruples, no sense of moral disgust, in eating every one of her words; but a magistrate and a lawyer had both been present at the uttering of them, and she feared the risk. Malcolm's behavior to her after his father's death had embittered the unfriendly feelings she had cherished toward him for many years. While

she believed him base-born, and was even ignorant as to his father, she had thought to secure power over him for the annoyance of the blind old man to whom she had committed him, and whom she hated with the hatred of a wife with whom for the best of reasons he had refused to live; but she had found in the boy a rectitude over which, although she had assailed it from his childhood, she could gain no influence. Either a blind repugnance in Malcolm's soul, or a childish instinct of and revulsion from embodied evil, had held them apart. Even then it had added to her vile indignation that she regarded him as owing her gratitude for not having murdered him at the instigation of his uncle; and when, at length, to her endless chagrin, she had herself unwittingly supplied the only lacking link in the testimony that should raise him to rank and wealth, she imagined that by making affidavit to the facts she had already divulged she enlarged the obligation infinitely, and might henceforth hold him in her hand a tool for further operations. When, thereupon, he banished her from Lossie House, and sought to bind her to silence as to his rank by the conditional promise of a small annuity, she hated him with her whole huge power of hating. And now she must make speed, for his incognito in a great city afforded a thousandfold facility for doing him a mischief. And first she must draw closer a certain loose tie she had already looped betwixt herself and the household of Lady Bellair. This tie was the conjunction of her lying influence with the credulous confidence of a certain very ignorant and rather wickedly romantic scullery-maid, with whom, having in espial seen her come from the house, she had scraped acquaintance, and to whom, for the securing of power over her through her imagination, she had made the strangest and most appalling disclosures. Amongst other secret favors, she had promised to compound for her a horrible mixture — some of whose disgusting ingredients, as potent as hard to procure, she named in her awe-stricken hearing — which, administered under certain conditions and with certain precautions, one of which was absolute secrecy in regard to the person who provided it, must infallibly secure for her the affections of any man on whom she might cast a loving eye, and whom she could, either with or without his consent, contrive to cause partake of the same. This girl she now sought, and from her learned all she knew about Malcolm. Pursuing her inquiries into the nature and

composition of the household, however, Mrs. Catanach soon discovered a far more capable and indeed less scrupulous associate and instrument in Caley. I will not introduce my reader to any of their evil councils, although, for the sake of my own credit, it might be well to be less considerate, seeing that many, notwithstanding the superabundant evidence of history, find it all but impossible to believe in the existence of such moral abandonment as theirs. I will merely state concerning them, and all the relations of the two women, that Mrs. Catanach assumed and retained the upper hand in virtue of her superior knowledge, invention, and experience, gathering from Caley, as she had hoped, much valuable information, full of reactions and tending to organic development of scheme in the brain of the arch-plotter. But their designs were so mutually favorable as to promise from the first a final coalescence in some common plan for their attainment.

Those who knew that Miss Campbell, as Portlossie regarded her, had been in reality Lady Lossie and was the mother of Malcolm, knew as well that Florimel had no legal title even to the family cognomen; but if his mother, and therefore the time of his mother's death, remained unknown, the legitimacy of his sister would remain unsuspected even upon his appearance as the heir. Now, there were but three besides Mrs. Catanach and Malcolm who did know who was his mother — namely, Miss Horn, Mr. Graham, and a certain Mr. Morrison, a laird and magistrate near Portlossie, an elderly man, and of late in feeble health. The lawyers the marquis had employed on his death-bed did not know: he had, for Florimel's sake, taken care that they should not. Upon what she knew and what she guessed of these facts, regarded in all their relations according to her own theories of human nature, the midwife would found a scheme of action. Doubtless she saw, and prepared for it, that after a certain point should be reached the very similarity of their designs must cause a rupture between her and Caley; neither could expect the other to endure such a rival near her hidden throne of influence; for the aim of both was power in a great family, with consequent money, and consideration, and midnight councils, and the wielding of all the weapons of hint and threat and insinuation. There was this difference, indeed, that in Caley's eye money was the chief thing, while power itself was the Swedenborgian hell of the midwife's bliss.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN INNOCENT PLOT.

FLORIMEL and Lady Clementina Thorncroft — the same who in the park rebuked Malcolm for his treatment of Kelpie — had met several times during the spring, and had been mutually attracted — Florimel as to a nature larger, more developed, more self-supporting than her own, and Lady Clementina as to one who, it was plain, stood in sore need of what countenance and encouragement to good and free action the friendship of one more experienced might afford her. Lady Clementina was but a few years older than Florimel, it is true, but had shown a courage which had already wrought her an unquestionable influence, and that chiefly with the best. The root of this courage was compassion. Her rare humanity of heart would, at the slightest appearance of injustice, drive her like an angel with a flaming sword against customs regarded, consciously or unconsciously, as the very buttresses of social distinction. Anything but a wise woman, she had yet so much in her of what is essential to all wisdom, love to her kind, that if as yet she had done little but blunder, she had at least blundered beautifully. On every society that had for its declared end the setting right of wrong or the alleviation of misery she lavished, and mostly wasted, her money. Every misery took to her the shape of a wrong. Hence to every mendicant that could trump up a plausible story she offered herself a willing prey. Even when the barest-faced imposition was brought home to one of the race parasitical, her first care was to find all possible excuse for his conduct: it was matter of pleasure to her friends when she stopped there and made no attempt at absolute justification.

Left like Florimel an orphan, but at a yet earlier age, she had been brought up with a care that had gone over into severity, against which her nature had revolted with an energy that gathered strength from her own repression of its signs; and when she came of age and took things into her own hands, she carried herself in its eyes so oddly, yet with such sweetness and dignity and consistency in her oddest extravagances, that society honored her even when it laughed at her, loved her, listened to her, applauded, approved — did everything except imitate her; which, indeed, was just as well, for else confusion would have been worse confounded. She was always rushing to de-

fence — with money, with indignation, with refuge. It would look like a caricature did I record the number of charities to which she belonged, and the various societies which, in the exuberance of her passionate benevolence, she had projected and of necessity abandoned. Yet still the fire burned, for her changes were from no changeableness: through them all the fundamental operation of her character remained the same. The case was that, for all her headlong passion for deliverance, she could not help discovering now and then, through an occasional self-assertion of that real good sense which her rampant and unsubjected benevolence could but overlay, not finally smother, that she was either doing nothing at all or more evil than good.

The lack of discipline in her goodness came out in this, at times amusingly, that she would always at first side with the lower or weaker or worse. If a dog had torn a child and was going to be killed in consequence, she would not only intercede for the dog, but absolutely side with him, mentioning this and that provocation which the naughty child must have given him ere he could have been goaded to the deed. Once, when the schoolmaster in her village was going to cane a boy for cruelty to a cripple, she pleaded for his pardon on the ground that it was worse to be cruel than to be a cripple, and therefore more to be pitied. Everything painful was to her cruel, and softness and indulgence, moral honey and sugar and nuts to all alike, was the panacea for human ills. She could not understand that infliction might be loving-kindness. On one occasion, when a boy was caught in the act of picking her pocket, she told the policeman he was doing nothing of the sort — he was only searching for a lozenge for his terrible cough; and in proof of her asserted conviction she carried him home with her, but lost him before morning, as well as the spoon with which he had eaten his gruel.

As to her person, I have already made a poor attempt at describing it. She might have been grand but for loveliness. When she drew herself up in indignation, however, she would look grand for the one moment ere the blood rose to her cheek and the water to her eyes. She would have taken the whole world to her infinite heart and in un wisdom coddled it into corruption. Praised be the grandeur of the God who can endure to make and see his children suffer! Thanks be to him for his north winds and his poverty, and his

bitterness that falls upon the spirit that errs! Let those who know him thus praise the Lord for his goodness. But Lady Clementina had not yet desecrated the face of the Son of man through the mists of Mount Sinai, and she was not one to justify the ways of God to men. Not the less was it the heart of God in her that drew her to the young marchioness, over whom was cast the shadow of a tree that gave but baneful shelter. She liked her frankness, her activity, her daring, and fancied that, like herself, she was at noble feud with that infernal parody of the kingdom of heaven called Society. She did not well understand her relation to Lady Bellair, concerning whom she was in doubt whether or not she was her legal guardian, but she saw plainly enough that the countess wanted to secure her for her nephew; and this nephew had about him a certain air of perdition, which even the catholic heart of Lady Clementina could not brook. She saw too, that, being a mere girl, and having no scope of choice in the limited circle of their visitors, she was in great danger of yielding without a struggle, and she longed to take her in charge like a poor little persecuted kitten for the possession of which each of a family of children was contending. What if her father had belonged to a rowdy set, was that any reason why his innocent daughter should be devoured, body and soul and possessions, by those of the same set who had not yet perished in their sins? Lady Clementina thanked Heaven that she came herself of decent people, who paid their debts, dared acknowledge themselves in the wrong, and were as honest as if they had been born peasants; and she hoped a shred of the mantle of their good name had dropped upon her, big enough to cover also this poor little-thing who had come of no such parentage. With her passion for redemption, therefore, she seized every chance of improving her acquaintance with Florimel; and it was her anxiety to gain such a standing in her favor as might further her coveted ministration that had prevented her from bringing her charge of brutality against Malcolm as soon as she discovered whose groom he was: when she had secured her footing on the peak of her friendship she would unburden her soul; and meantime the horse must suffer for his mistress—a conclusion in itself a great step in advance, for it went dead against one of her most confidently-argued principles—namely, that the pain of any animal is, in every sense, of just as much consequence

as the pain of any other, human or inferior: pain is pain, she said, and equal pains are equal wherever they sting; in which she would have been right, I think, if pain and suffering were the same thing; but, knowing well that the same degree, and even the same kind of pain, means two very different things in the foot and in the head, I refuse the proposition.

Happily for Florimel, she had by this time made progress enough to venture a proposal—namely, that she should accompany her to a small estate she had on the south coast, with a little ancient house upon it—a strange place altogether, she said—to spend a week or two in absolute quiet; only she must come alone—without even a maid: she would take none herself. This she said because, with the instinct, if not quite insight, of a true nature, she could not endure the woman Caley.

"Will you come with me there for a fortnight?" she concluded.

"I shall be delighted," returned Florimel without a moment's hesitation. "I am getting quite sick of London. There's no room in it. And there's the spring all outside, and can't get in here. I shall be only too glad to go with you, you dear creature!"

"And on those hard terms—no maid, you know?" insisted Clementina.

"The only thing wanted to make the pleasure complete: I shall be charmed to be rid of her."

"I am glad to see you so independent."

"You don't imagine me such a baby as not to be able to get on without a maid? You should have seen me in Scotland! I hated having a woman about me then. And indeed I don't like it a bit better now; only everybody has one, and your clothes want looking after," added Florimel, thinking what a weight it would be off her if she could get rid of Caley altogether. "But I *should* like to take my horse," she said: "I don't know what I should do in the country without Abbot."

"Of course: we must have our horses," returned Clementina. "And—yes—you had better bring your groom."

"Please. You will find him very useful. He can do anything and everything, and is so kind and helpful."

"Except to his horse," Clementina was on the point of saying, but thought again she would first secure the mistress, and bide her time to attack the man.

Before they parted the two ladies had talked themselves into ecstasies over the anticipated enjoyments of their scheme. It must be carried out at once.

"Let us tell nobody," said Lady Clementina, "and set off to-morrow."

"Enchanting!" cried Florimel in full response.

Then her brow clouded. "There is one difficulty, though," she said. "No man could ride Kelpie with a led horse; and if we had to employ another, Liftore would be sure to hear where we had gone."

"That would spoil all," said Clementina. "But how much better it would be to give that poor creature a rest, and bring the other I see him on sometimes!"

"And by the time we came back there would not be a living creature, horse or man, anything bigger than a rat, about the stable. Kelpie herself would be dead of hunger, if she hadn't been shot. No, no; where Malcolm goes Kelpie must go. Besides, she's such fun — you can't think."

"Then I'll tell you what," cried Clementina after a moment's pause of perplexity: "we'll *ride* down. It's not a hundred miles, and we can take as many days on the road as we please."

"Better and better!" cried Florimel. "We'll run away with each other. But what will dear old Bellair say?"

"Never mind her," rejoined Clementina. "She will have nothing to say. You can write and tell her as much as will keep her from being really alarmed. Order your man to get everything ready, and I will instruct mine. He is such a staid old fellow, you know, he will be quite enough for protection. To-morrow morning we will set out together for a ride in Richmond Park, that lying in our way. You can leave a letter on the breakfast-table, saying you are gone with me for a little quiet. You're not in chancery, are you?"

"I don't know," answered Florimel. "I suppose I'm all right. Anyhow, whether I am in chancery or not, here I am, and going with you; and if chancery don't like it, chancery may come and fetch me."

"Send anything you think you may want to my house. I shall get a box ready, and we will write from some town on our way to have it sent there, and then we can write for it from The Gloom. We shall find all mere *necessaries* there."

So the thing was arranged: they would start quite early the next morning; and that there might be no trouble in the streets, Malcolm should go before with Kelpie and await them in the park.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE JOURNEY.

MALCOLM was overjoyed at the prospect of an escape to the country, and yet more to find that his mistress wanted to have him with her — more still to understand that the journey was to be kept a secret. Perhaps now, far from both Caley and Liftore, he might say something to open her eyes; yet how should he avoid the appearance of a tale-bearer?

It was a sweet fresh morning late in the spring — those loveliest of hours that unite the seasons, like the shimmering question of green or blue in the feathers of the peacock. He had set out an hour before the rest, and now, a little way within the park, was coaxing Kelpie to stand, that he might taste the morning in peace. The sun was but a few degrees above the horizon, shining with all his heart, and the earth was taking the shine with all hers. "I too am light," she was saying, "although I can but receive it." The trees were covered with baby leaves half wrapped in their swaddling-clothes, and their breath was a warm aromatic odor in the glittering air. The air and the light seemed one, and Malcolm felt as if his soul were breathing the light into its very depths, while his body was drinking the soft spicy wind. For Kelpie, she was as full of life as if she had been meant for a winged horse, but by some accident of nature the wing-cases had never opened, and the wing-life was forever trying to get out at her feet. The consequent restlessness, where there was plenty of space as here, caused Malcolm no more discomposure than, in his old fishing-days, a gale with plenty of sea-room. And the song of the larks was one with the light and the air. The budding of the trees was their way of singing, but the larks beat them at that. "What a power of joy," thought Malcolm, "there must be in God, to be able to keep so many larks so full of bliss!" He was going to say, "without getting tired;" but he saw that it was the eternal joy itself that bubbled from their little fountains: weariness there would be the silence of all song, would be death, utter vanishment to the gladness of the universe. The sun would go out like a spark upon burnt paper, and the heart of man would forget the sound of laughter. Then he said to himself, "The larks do not make their own singing: do mortals make their own sighing?" And he saw that at least they might open wider the doors of their hearts to the Perseus Joy

that comes to slay the grief-monsters. Then he thought how his life had been widening out with the years. He could not say that it was now more pleasant than it had been; he had stoicism enough to doubt whether it would ever become so from any mere change of circumstances. Dangers and sufferings that one is able for are not misfortunes or even hardships; so far from such, that youth delights in them. Indeed, he sorely missed the adventure of the herring-fishing. Kelpie, however, was as good as a stiff gale. If only all were well with his sister! Then he would go back to Portlossie and have fishing enough. But he must be patient and follow as he was led. At three-and-twenty, he reflected, Milton was content to seem to himself but a poor creature, and was careful only to be ready for whatever work should hereafter be required of him: such contentment, with such hope and resolve at the back of it, he saw to be the right and the duty both of every man. He whose ambition is to be ready when he is wanted, whatever the work may be, may wait not the less watchful that he is content. His heart grew lighter, his head clearer, and by the time the two ladies with their attendant appeared he felt such a masterdom over Kelpie as he had never felt before. They rode twenty miles that day with ease, putting up at the first town. The next day they rode about the same distance. The next they rode nearly thirty miles. On the fourth, with an early start and a good rest in the middle, they accomplished a yet greater distance, and at night arrived at The Gloom, West-beach, after a journey of continupus delight to three at least of the party, Florimel and Malcolm having especially enjoyed that portion of it which led through Surrey, where England and Scotland meet and mingle in waste, heathery moor and rich valley. Much talk had passed between the ladies, and Florimel had been set thinking about many things, though certainly about none after the wisest fashion.

A young half-moon was still up when, after riding miles through pine woods, they at length drew near the house. Long before they reached it, however, a confused noise of dogs met them in the forest. Clementina had written to the housekeeper, and every dog about the place — and the dogs were multitudinous — had been expecting her all day, had heard the sound of their horses' hoofs miles off, and had at once begun to announce her approach. Nor were the dogs the only

cognizant or expectant animals. Most of the creatures about the place understood that something was happening, and probably associated it with their mistress; for almost every live thing knew her, from the rheumatic cart-horse, forty years of age, and every whit as respectable in Clementina's eyes as her father's old butler, to the wild cats that haunted the lofts and garrets of the old Elizabethan hunting-lodge.

When they dismounted the ladies could hardly get into the house for dogs: those which could not reach their mistress turned to Florimel, and came swarming about her and leaping upon her, until, much as she liked animal favor, she would gladly have used her whip, but dared not, because of the presence of their mistress. If the theories of that mistress allowed them anything of a moral nature, she was certainly culpable in refusing them their right to a few cuts of the whip.

Mingled with all the noises of dogs and horses came a soft nestling murmur that filled up the interspaces of sound which even their tumult could not help leaving. Florimel was too tired to hear it, but Malcolm heard it, and it filled all the interspaces of his soul with a speechless delight. He knew it for the still small voice of the awful sea.

Florimel scarcely cast a glance around the dark old-fashioned room into which she was shown, but went at once to bed, and when the old housekeeper carried her something from the supper-table at which she had been expected, she found her already fast asleep. By the time Malcolm had put Kelpie to rest he also was a little tired, and lay awake no moment longer than his sister.

From The Saturday Review.

LORD DERBY ON EXTRADITION.

REASONABLE persons both in England and in America will have been disappointed by Lord Derby's answer to Lord Granville on the subject of extradition. It had been supposed that the English government had on further consideration discovered that its contention was untenable, and that, without unnecessarily acknowledging the error, it had quietly corrected the mistake by surrendering the accused persons in whose case a dispute had arisen. It may perhaps be remembered that one Lawrence had been surrendered to the United States under a warrant of extradition on a charge of forgery. It afterwards

appeared that he was also accused of other offences, for which it was proposed that he should be prosecuted if he were acquitted on the extradition charge. At the instance of Mr. Cross, who is paradoxically inclined to limit as far as possible the beneficial practice of extradition, Lord Derby applied to the American government for an undertaking that the proceedings against Lawrence should be confined to the charge on which he had been surrendered. Mr. Hamilton Fish, in the name of the president, refused the application, both on the ground that he had no control over the State courts, and because, according to his interpretation, the provisions of the treaty were unconditional. At the same time the Federal government, with a laudable desire to avoid causes of irritation, directed the United States attorney not to prosecute Lawrence without special orders except on the extradition charge. Mr. Pierrepont, now American minister in England, and then attorney-general of the United States, sharply reprimanded a subordinate officer who had not strictly complied with his first instructions. Unluckily the English government, dissatisfied with the answer to its communication, refused to surrender two alleged criminals, except on condition that they should only be tried for the crimes set out in the application and the warrant. Even if Lord Derby and Mr. Cross had taken a sounder and more liberal view of the theory of extradition, their action would have been hampered by the Act of 1870, which was passed on the recommendation of a select committee for the purpose of affording additional protection to foreign refugees. According to some legal opinions, a clause in the act exempts from its operation cases of extradition under treaties which were already in force; but the construction is doubtful. It is certain both that a minister of state must obey the municipal law of his own country, and that he cannot use it in derogation of international duties and liabilities. The English government thought it convenient to adopt the more liberal interpretation of the act; but it contended that the treaty, though general in its terms, implied an undertaking that extradition should be used only for the purposes expressed on the face of the demand and the warrant.

On the refusal of the English Government to grant unconditional extradition, the American secretary of state indignantly protested against a supposed attempt to override a treaty by an act of Parliament; but he may perhaps have been

satisfied by subsequent explanations that no claim of the kind had been made. He showed at great length and with much cogency that a treaty, like any other document, must be interpreted according to its plain language; and he not unreasonably gave notice that his government would both consider the treaty at an end and refuse in the circumstances to engage in any negotiation for a new arrangement. Lord Derby persisted for a time in his decision, and both English and American criminals had reason to congratulate themselves on the impunity which seemed likely to attend their unlawful operations. Two or three months ago those who were interested in the efficiency of justice learned with satisfaction and surprise that the English government had at last surrendered without condition the persons for whom it had formerly attempted to stipulate contingent immunity. The president immediately gave directions, as he afterwards stated in a message to Congress, that the proper officers should, as formerly, give effect to the treaty. Sir W. Harcourt, in one of his clever attacks on the government, quoted Lord Derby's judicious change of policy in illustration of the blundering propensities which he attributed to the government. It was indeed difficult to explain the reversal of the previous refusal of surrender except on the supposition that redress was due to repentance. It now appears that Lord Derby adheres to his former opinion that a surrendered prisoner can only be tried for the extradition crime. It is only because he has heard that Lawrence has not been prosecuted except on the original charge that he has resolved to revive the practice of extradition. It is not, he says, his business to anticipate irregularities, or to complain of the American government for making a claim which it has not actually enforced.

The government was wrong in seeking to limit the practice of extradition, and it ought, if necessary, to have obtained from Parliament extended powers of surrender. Its present position is still less defensible, though a practical abuse has been temporarily corrected. When it was known that Lawrence might perhaps be prosecuted on additional charges, Lord Derby was not bound to take notice of a contingency which had not occurred. He might have assumed that the American government would adopt his own interpretation of its rights and duties, until Mr. Fish had formally denied the claim of surrendered prisoners to immunity. The American contention was equivalent to the commis-

sion of an act which the English government considered wrongful. The accident that indictments were afterwards preferred or not preferred against Lawrence had no bearing on the controversy. Lord Derby has now ascertained that Lawrence has been tried only on the extradition charge, but he is not aware whether he was convicted or acquitted. If he has, in fact, been found guilty and sentenced, his exemption from ulterior liability is fully explained. A judge of the Queen's Bench division lately said that a writ of prohibition cannot issue *quia timet* before the judge of the other court has assumed jurisdiction. Lord Derby at first refused to surrender *quia timuit*, but he never adopted Justice Mellor's reasonable doctrine that it is not necessary to guard against imaginary harm. The president and his secretary of state will learn, not without astonishment, that extradition will continue for the present in direct violation of the principles which are still maintained by the English government. American diplomats are for the most part both susceptible and energetic, and it may be doubted whether Lord Derby's official statement will not be resented as readily as a direct refusal of extradition. The opposition at home, conscious of renewed harmony and vigor, will scarcely fail to note another ministerial miscarriage. It is indeed not unlikely that Mr. Gladstone's government would have adopted the same course, for the Extradition Act gave effect to Liberal suspicions and jealousies; but one of the numerous merits of constitutional government is that the party in power is held responsible for all defects either in the law or in national policy.

If both governments would discuss without passion or prejudice the terms of a new treaty, there ought to be no difficulty in providing for the pursuit of ordinary criminals and for the security of the rapidly diminishing class of alleged political offenders. The only flaw in the American argument was that the treaty, according to the widest interpretation, made no exception in favor of political refugees, whom nevertheless the government of the United States would assuredly never surrender. The question has become less important since the days when Mr. Mill exerted himself in the committee for the protection of fugitives from despotic rule. Except Spain, and perhaps Russia, no European state is now in the habit of maintaining abroad a class of political exiles and conspirators. French Communist refugees must be dying out as successive amnesties

reduce their numbers. The Americans, to their infinite credit, never even began, after the peace, the persecution of Confederates whom they had incessantly denounced and threatened during the continuance of the Civil War. It would be easy to agree in an extradition treaty that either government should have a right to refuse extradition on the certificate of the foreign minister that he considered the surrender, for special reasons, inexpedient. It would be understood that his object was to guard against the abuse of the treaty for political purposes. All ordinary criminals ought to be surrendered with the most cheerful facility. American swindlers are not guests so welcome in England that they ought to be refused to the reclamations of the victims whom they have plundered at home. Although Mr. Cross's opinion on all questions connected with criminal jurisprudence is entitled to respect, it is difficult to understand his reasons for wishing to afford protection to a foreigner against whom there is a *prima facie* case of guilt. If the alleged forger has also indulged in embezzlement or burglary, he acquires no additional claim to the good offices of the country to which he has escaped. In the earlier part of the correspondence Lord Derby appeared not to share the jealous solicitude of his colleague. There had been reason to hope, when he assented to the surrender of Winslow, that he had reverted to his first opinion.

From The Spectator.

THE IDEAL OF OLD AGE.

THE complete intellectual strength and health retained to the last by Lady Smith, who died at Lowestoft this day fortnight, within three months of the great age of one hundred and four, opens out almost a new prospect for the aged. That a woman who was born while the United States were British colonies, whose girlhood passed away while Warren Hastings was on his trial, who was married before the battle of Arcola, — and might well have been married, had she married as early as many English girls do, before Napoleon's name had even been heard of, indeed, he was but four years her senior, — should have lived to read of the celebration of the centenary of American independence, of the proclamation of the empress of India at Delhi, and to survive the second French empire by nearly seven years, and should, moreover, have lived to such an age with-

out any loss of interest in public or private events, — with the hymns she learned as a girl still fresh in her memory, and with the most vivid interest in the latest despatches of statesmen who were not born till her married and middle life was almost over, — suggests at least the possibility of a very different termination to aged lives from that of which we have most frequent experience. Not that it can be said, in Lady Smith's case, that she lived, —

Till Old Experience doth attain
To something of prophetic strain.

She seems to have been a wise and thoughtful, but by no means exceptional, woman in anything but the unimpaired vigor of her faculties at an age when the nerves and the brain have usually gone before the body. But then that is precisely the interest of her case. Had she been a very remarkable woman in early years, everybody would have said that hers was a selected life, — a physique of exceptional force, — and that the unimpaired vigor of her faculties in age was due to the same exceptional causes which gave her her great brilliancy in youth. But as it is, excepting that the intellectual men of her youthful days found her a very fascinating woman, — a not uncommon experience with regard to women who, like Lady Smith, are at once beautiful and amiable, — there was no unusual power in her. And hence, of course, the vast age to which she retained her powers unimpaired, — unless the defect of vision which came upon her after her hundredth year be so accounted, — promises the more for the chance of other average men and women retaining their mental vivacity and interests to something like the same age. It is not much encouragement to ordinary men to know that a man like Lyndhurst retained the power to review the politics of the session with undiminished brilliance till after the age of eighty, for no man could have become what Lord Lyndhurst became, without possessing an exceptional amount of physical vigor from the first. But if Lady Smith were exceptional at all, it was not shown in any overflow of youthful or mature energy, but only in the peculiar durability of the energy she had; and if durability be due, as it may be due, to some special congenital quality, no one need despair of possessing that quality till the facts show that he is wrong; while if it be not due to any congenital quality, but only to the prudence with which life is regulated, there is still more reason to hope that others may be able to follow Lady Smith's example.

But the interesting question, after all, is not so much what chance have we of living to anything like Lady Smith's age in the possession of equally unimpaired faculties, — for every one must feel that such a chance is very small, — but rather, what chance have we of retaining anything like Lady Smith's serenity and cheerfulness, if we do but live to her age; for that is a matter more likely to be within our own power, and very closely connected, too, with the other, for had Lady Smith been apt to fret and brood over the isolation of her position, she could hardly have retained her undiminished mental power to the age she did. For the full enjoyment of old age, there must evidently be a somewhat unique moral nature as well as a unique physique, and it is possible enough that it may be deficiencies of that nature, much more than any deficiency of physical energy, which so often cause old men and women to fret or brood themselves into premature apoplexy, or premature exhaustion. A nature evincing the highest degree of intensity and individuality of the affections is obviously not fitted to live on into extreme old age without suffering great wear and tear through very exhausting griefs. A nature that always craves the excitement of action, that is never happy except when wielding practical influence over others, is obviously unfitted to live on to such an age without suffering great wear and tear through impatience bred of enforced inaction. A nature, again, very conservative in its habits, one without high adaptability and elasticity in it, cannot change sufficiently with the times to conform to new modes of life and new modes of thought, without an amount of irritation which would hardly be consistent with unimpaired energy, and certainly not with unimpaired serenity. "To grow old in an age you condemn" is not a condition likely to fit you for a serene evening of life. Perhaps the best temperament for old age is that of such a poet as Sophocles, whom, —

From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull nor passion wild,
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole,
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus and his child.

or of such a poet as Goethe, —

Who took the suffering human race,
And read each wound, each weakness clear,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said, "Thou ailest here, and here;"
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power,
And said, "The end is everywhere,
Art still has truth, — take refuge there."

And he was happy, if to know
 Causes of things, and far below
 His feet to see the lurid flow
 Of trouble and insane distress,
 And headlong fate, be happiness.

A lucid sympathy with the changing lot of humanity, a sympathy which does not go deep enough to be passionate, but does go deep enough to fill the mind of the thinker with profound speculative interests, and occupy it with the constant play of sagacious forecasts, is doubtless the best sort of temperament for securing a fully occupied and yet a not too anxious old age. No doubt the temperament of most poets in their youth must be one liable to so much feverish and sensitive excitement, that one would suppose that excitement likely to discount a certain portion of the store of strength otherwise available for their old age. But subject to this limitation, we believe that the vivacity of temperament which leads to the deepest artistic insight into human life, — a kind of temperament which is to some extent inconsistent with, and a substitute for, those too clinging personal affections the life of which seems most to concentrate, and perhaps partly to exhaust the vital strength of the men who feel them, — is the best kind for the happiness of old age. Lady Smith, of course, had not the large intellectual play of mind of a poet, but as far as the notices of her life have given us any knowledge of her, she must have had a good deal of the temperament which adapts itself easily to new forms of human activity, and which enters with a vivid, though gentle, glow of curiosity into the changeful story of human destiny.

And this leads us to observe that, perhaps, the most marked qualification for a serene and happy old age consists in that happy — we will not say self-satisfaction, for that is a term to which a very narrow and not a very agreeable meaning is usually applied, but enjoyment of the specific phases of one's own natural activity which depends on a certain balance and harmony of the inner nature, and which shows itself in a considerable capacity for natural dignity and even stateliness of nature. A gentle stateliness is of the very essence of the perfection of old age. Old age cannot have quite the full effect of what is called venerableness without that slight degree of self-recognition which gives a new weight to the teaching of experience, and leads to the wisdom of life the influence of a mild authority of manner. We have said that the impatience of an

active or excitable temperament is inconsistent with the serenity of old age; and it is even more inconsistent with the influence of old age. Experience must be penetrated with moral composure, and with that sweetness which cannot be gained without composure, to command anything like its full weight. Old age should be, to a large extent at least, the interpreter of an earlier to a later world, and able therefore to warn the newer world against that too confident and presumptuous reliance on prevalent assumptions of which all aged men of any wisdom must have noticed so many unfortunate instances; for they must often have seen assumptions which were ingrained in the very life of society in one generation, becoming almost unintelligible to another. But this sort of warning cannot be effectually given without a mixed gentleness and dignity of manner which will alone clear the aged from the suspicion of being mere *laudatores temporis acti*. They must feel sympathy with the higher elements in the new world, as well as show the power to smile at its fashionable superstitions. It is not enough that they should see where the moral fashion of the day is superficial and transitory, unless they can explain their insight with something of the dignity and tranquillity which carries conviction. And of course there is nothing which tends to give this sort of perfection to old age like a true spiritual life. Lonely as the aged must to some extent be, separated as they are from all the companions of their youth, and intimate only with those who are less entitled to their sympathy than their generation, there is apt to be something too much of self-dependence in them, unless they give to others the impression that, though leaning on no human being, they do lean, and lean with the sort of tranquil love which can alone give unity and peace to a thread of life running through so many different phases of existence, on a divine power. This is what was wanted in Goethe's otherwise grand old age. It was grand, but it was not "beautiful and free." When he had to endure a great grief, the old man bore it like a stoic, and let no one see or share his anguish, and no one enter into his loss. There is nothing which is so necessary to give the last finish to old age as spiritual trust, — the expression imparted to the face by that spiritual life of unbroken divine affection which knits together all the various lives of broken human affection, and so makes the memory of loss little more than a promise of more perfect gain.